Don't wait. Sign free Zepp. Insurance Coupon on page iii.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 544. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 5882284

For meaning of this number see p. 27.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SPECIAL OFFER

Post five penny stamps to EXCELDA Handkerchief Co., 60, Mosley Street, Manchester, and you will receive in return, post paid, one sample of superior quality *Gentleman's Full-sized Hemstitched* EXCELDA Handkerchief

This sample is sent by the manufacturer to the consumer to prove the exceptional good value of Excelda handkerchiefs. This offer applies in the United Kingdom only. To avoid mistakes please write name and address plainly and fully.

Only one sample will be supplied to each applicant

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

Steele's Adv. Ser.

A Doggy Story.

The papers are telling us that the latest idea for groping one's way through the dark streets at night is to use a white dog as guide. The dog, it is said, "steers a safe course past lampposts, and other obstacles." What a well-trained animal!

Prevention is Better.

We congratulate the War Secretary on having decided to take special care of soldiers discharged from hospital before they have been thoroughly cured. But will he see to it that unfit men are not forced into the Army? Prevention is better than cure, even in war time.

A Discovery.

Upon our solemn affidavit, this is really a marvellous Government; the longer they live the more they discover. Here at last is Captain Pretyman, of the Board of Trade, telling the House of Commons that "the increases in the expenses of dairy farming have not been so great as to justify a contract price for milk higher than 1s. 4d. per Imperial gallon at London stations." The Pretyman has evidently started reading his JOHN BULL more carefully.

Mesopotamia.

The Mesopotamia Committee is sitting behind closed doors, taking evidence concerning the hideous muddle and the base betrayal of a force that was led by one of our ablest and best Generals. Not a word is allowed to leak out that would give us a hint of the trend of the inquiry—probably the keyholes of the doors have been plugged. But there is a wealth of pathetic information in a communiqué to his troops issued by General Townshend at the end of January. Townshend possesses great openness of heart, and, like Buller, throws aside all formality and officialism when addressing his command. His explanation of how he was "let down" is sad reading.

The Black Man.

Quite an eloquent appeal comes from a black man living in Hull, written for himself and another negro. He apologises for being "illiterate," but he is far from that. What he wants is liberty to fight for Britain, and he knows how to ask for it:—"On behalf of my race, let me say that this desire to fight against the Germans has become to-day our ruling factor. A hundred years ago we were slaves. England, the Empire of Liberty, stepped in and made us free. Shall we shirk from doing such a simple thing as massacring Germans?" That "simple thing" is a true touch; it rivets the matter. It is no empty speech, for the man who wrote it tried to enlist in the 4th East Yorks and was "met with insults because of his colour." That does not worry him; he understands that his place is in a black regiment. All he asks is that one should be formed.

Dangerous Fanatics.

An appeal, to which we willingly accede, is made to us to insert one more warning against the questionable activities of fanatical persons, posing as religious enthusiasts, and so travelling the country, calling themselves Gillites, Cooneyites, Homeless Wanderers, Poor Lonely Pilgrims, Moneyless Saints, Go Preachers, No Sect, No Church, and other fantastical titles. Many girls have been induced to leave their homes, to their great distress and sorrow, by such creatures, who gain a dangerous influence over weak-minded females by a show of religious fervour and the pretence of passionate self-sacrifice. Rural districts are peculiarly favoured by these perambulating tempters, and the Guardians of parishes are recommended to watch such visitors with a sharp eye, and to move them on before intrigue and cunning can effect their purpose.

"What about It?"

"Carry On" asks us, "What about the rumour that a soldier who was wounded at the Front died as they were bringing him over to hospital, was buried on Tuesday in the East-end, and that when everything was in order and mourners ready, the gun carriage was not allowed as the soldier was a New Zealander—so the mourners waited while a hearse was hired?" As to the truth or otherwise of this rumour we know nothing, but if it is true we should say the fallen soldier was unlucky in not being a dead Zepp. raider.

Of the Right Kind.

There is a parson of the right sort at a dressing station somewhere close behind the fighting on the Somme. He does not get much time to preach, for he puts in most of his 24-hours day in looking after the wounded, and sometimes there are as many as 500 waiting to be attended to. That one parson seems to be on the spot day and night, doing any little job of comfort or help that he can lay his hand to. "I consider," a reader tells us, "that my son, who was seriously wounded, owes his life to him." We are told there is room out there for plenty more parsons like that. But we go further, and say for that fine kind of man there is room everywhere.

The Old Brigade.

One of the boys of the Old Brigade had rough luck at Burton—a town, we are told, where slackers abound. But this was no slacker, this "grey-haired man of 53." He was charged with being absent from the 4th Training Reserve Battalion, and was "handed over to an escort," poor chap. He had had week-end leave, and overstopped it "because he did not feel well enough to go back." This old soldier had evidently volunteered himself back to the colours, and he found the job rather stiff at his age, so he laid up for a day or so—without leave. For that he must suffer—while young cowards, with leave, lie in the lap of idleness and sneer at such brave souls. It makes one long to be at them.

On the Object—ionable Side.

Huddersfield Town Council turned a deaf ear to the suggestion of Alderman Beaumont that its school teachers who are Conscientious Objects should not be reinstated; his motion did not even find a seconder. When he said that such people were not fit to be teachers of children, the Mayor interrupted by asking if that was fair comment, and went on to say that "the tone of these remarks as applied to conscientious objectors was something he didn't like to sit there and listen to." Whereupon there was a chorus of "Hear, hear!" so it is fairly evident that those Huddersfield Councillors are in sympathy with the Objects, and out of sympathy with "other teachers who resent working with them, the children who do not respect them, and the people who would not have them."

Toujours l'Audace.

In common with a few other Army Medical Boards now, as Mr. Theodore Dahle put it in his "More Tommy 'Rot'" article in our last issue, "vociferating the lay of the last cripple," the Worcester Medical Board are obviously overdoing the music. Not satisfied with passing into the Army for general service men who will assuredly be no good at all in that capacity, they have started tearing up the certificates of private medical specialists submitted to them. At any rate, this is what appears from the statement of a solicitor before the Dudley Tribunal. He said an applicant who had asked when before the Medical Board for the return of a certificate he had received from a specialist, was told it "had been destroyed." It goes without saying that private medical certificates do not belong to the Medical Board, and that they have no more right to destroy them than those who hand them in have to tear holes in the trousers of the Medical Board.

Nearly a million "John Bull" pens are now in daily use. See coupon on page 20.

"Hitchin" for Men.

An "Official Military Notice," issued by Lieut.-Colonel Longridge, Recruiting Officer at Hitchin, asks for information regarding certain "men"—amongst the names being Emily Smith!

The Censor Nods.

It was bad enough to allow Miss Hobhouse to go to Germany, but to permit the publication of her pernicious rot in this country was a crime. And yet when honest journals stumble on the truth the Censor can do or say all sorts of things.

More Created Crimes.

Think of it—under the new law, you may get seven years' penal servitude for giving a postman his Christmas box or for tipping the obliging policeman—that would be committing the awful crime of offering gratuities to Government servants!

The Other Cheek.

At the Alexandra Palace we put down coconut matting, so that the tread of the sentry shall not disturb the sleep of the dear interned. At Ruhleben *our* poor soldiers are sent mad by the cruelty of their gaolers. When shall we understand—and act?

After Cinema, Hippodrome.

Two lads, charged at the Lynn Sessions with breaking into their aunt's house and stealing a watch and chain, were bound over to be of good behaviour for six months, "and to refrain from attending any *cinema or hippodrome.*" The cranks are certainly on the prowl. What next?

Kindly Criticism.

In pleasing contrast to the acidulated criticism to which we have been subjected in various religious journals in consequence of our comments upon "The National Mission of Repentance and Hope," comes a kindly note in the *Universe*. But we are taken to task for wishing to make "Trafalgar a holy day," and to give "Nelson a place in the Calendar of Saints." We can only say that if the Calendar embraced nothing less worthy we should revere it more than we do.

In the Pit.

An old Scottish miner wants German prisoners to be put to get coal. "No place," says he, "except Hell, could be better fitted for them. Once down the pit, there is only one hole to guard, which could be done by four men." He proposes the same sphere of activity for Conscientious Objects. "They object to fight; surely they will not object to give their grandmothers some coal for their fires. Pay them the same wages as the boys get who do the fighting—1s. a day—and feed and clothe them." We are afraid, however, that good, clean miners would object to the competition of such unclean blacklegs.

Food and Mr. Feeble-wit.

Among other letters confirming our indictment of the underfeeding of wounded men is one from a soldier in hospital in Birmingham. Quite definitely he says:—"It seems to be growing worse every day. There are a good number of men here all ready for convalescence, but too weak to walk, owing mainly to the lack of the food necessary to complete their cure. If we complain, we are told we are better off than in France, etc. Such retorts are much harder for the Tommy to bear than a hail of machine-gun fire." We agree; and we deplore the lack of feeling in small-witted persons who can, while underfeeding a man, subject him to silly sneers that rankle despite their stupidity.

Blackberries.

Somebody writes in a provincial newspaper about the blackberries in West Cornwall. They are there in profuse abundance, but are left rotting on the bushes because, he says, there is a superstition that, after a certain date in October, Satan places his hand on the fruit and it is unwise to use them. The writer thinks it a pity that the berries should not be made into jam, instead of decaying through a foolish fancy. But, if we may put it so, he has got the Devil by the wrong ear. Satan has not laid his hands on the fruit; he has dipped them into the sugar.

Strafe Strauss.

The latest Germhun strafer is Dr. Richard Strauss, the composer. He says that "on principle" he is in favour of "boycotting the works of all living composers belonging to nations at war with Germany." In that case we can easily get even by strafing Strauss, and we hope British audiences will insist on British conductors and concert managers doing so. Strauss nets out of this country an income which many native composers would be glad to share with the Tax Collector. He should now be hissed out of every theatre, music-hall, and concert room in the Kingdom.

A Specimen "Engineer."

Only the other day we advocated the clearing out from munition works of so-called "engineers," who before the war did not know what engineering was. We instance now the specimen case of a single man, 24 years old, originally a clerk, and recently promoted to be a branch foreman in Woolwich Arsenal. We are told that no mechanic will take an order from him; the men simply go on with their work and totally ignore him. He has been jockeyed into the position with a salary of £7 weekly, but we say, in no spirit of unkindness towards the man, that his proper place is in the ranks with the usual pay of 7s.

A Brewery Pooh-Bah.

There is a fine chance for a quick change artist in Horwich, where a local gentleman is advertising for a practical working brewer. Said brewer must "thoroughly understand mashing temperatures for all classes of ales and stouts, boiling of liquor, fermentation in all its stages, attend to barrel washing and racking, keep accounts of all brewings and goods received and sent out of brewery, manage beer-house connected with small brewery and supervise two other beer houses in Bolton. Must be early riser and strong enough to shoulder loads of malt of 252 lbs. weight, and must be non-eligible for the Army." The salary for this remarkable Pooh-Bah is not stated.

A Canadian's Widow.

There is a youngish woman living at Plympton, in Devon, in a two-roomed cottage. She is the widow of a Canadian soldier, who has been drowned, and she has no pension. She has not one penny beyond what she earns. She gets 10s. weekly in a paper mill, by working from 8 in the morning till 5 at eve. Out of her wealth she has to pay 2s. 6d. rent, and 2s. to a neighbour for looking after her two little ones. There is a balance of 5s. 6d. to feed and clothe that mother and her two children—widow and orphans of a gallant Canadian soldier. Who can be surprised to hear that she has been charged with "neglecting" her children? They were thin and underfed! We believe the proceedings were taken out of kindness, for the Magistrates have simply bound her over for six months, and the little ones are being well cared for in the workhouse, while inquiries are to be made of the Canadian Government—usually just and generous—as to a pension. To us it seems a mercy that the case has come into notice, for what that poor widow's feelings must have been passes comprehension.

Would you like a Turkey? See page 28.

An Offending Offer.

S. and F. S. James, of Premier House, 48, Dover Street Piccadilly, appear to be money-lenders of a peculiarly aggravating kind. They are sending out their written offer to ladies like this: "Madam,—Should the occasion arise that you can make use of a temporary loan, we shall be happy to serve you at a commercial rate of interest. Privacy is strictly respected. . . . P.S.—We can post it to you by registered letter." Such an epistle as that is an offensive thing to address to a married woman, for it is an artful temptation to borrow money behind her husband's back. We can conceive the break-up of a home through a thoughtless wife getting into the toils of money-lenders and money-grabbers, and it should be illegal for such circulars to be sent to married women, just as is the sending them to minors.

Down in Dorchester.

Dorchester must be, as Yankees say, a nice place—*nit.* It is where they collect money to provide Hun prisoners with gramophones and games, and where the girls and women swarm outside the internment camp trying to get into conversation with Fritz. "What splendid fellows they are; as good as the English!" was the verdict of a nurse who had hurried off to inspect a batch of new arrivals, expressed to wounded British soldiers in hospital, men who had cherished different ideals of English lassies while out in France. October 4th was Dorchester's "Our Day," and one dear old soul blew into the hospital to sell flags to soldiers. She was indignant when they could not buy, their scanty coppers going in the purchase of sugar, soap, matches, and cigarettes, and she told them, "It's for your benefit!" But such men are wounded for *our* benefit, and it is for us to buy those flags.

Bayonet or Bullet?

A peculiar plaint comes from a soldier who wishes us to "help him gain his rights." He is about to undergo imprisonment for 18 months, "for refusing to pick up a rifle." The curious nature of the case consists in the private's assurance that he does not believe he could kill an enemy "by the use of the steel;" yet he says definitely he is no Conscientious Objector, is a fit man, recognises Britain needs men, and is willing to do his bit—if he can do it in the Artillery or the Machine Gun Corps. There seems some constitutional vagary when a man shrinks from killing with the bayonet but would willingly mow down men with a machine gun. As he asks our advice, we earnestly urge him to conquer that repugnance, to petition for a remission of his sentence, and to promise like a man to obey orders. The right stuff is in him, and will come out—when he abandons a foolish fancy.

A Fair Offer.

Everybody will sympathise with a man in a peculiar position, whose appeal was dismissed by the Essex Tribunal. Three years ago he started work humbly as a yard man in some stables, having a lost character to retrieve. Glad of the chance, however lowly, he made good, and rose to be foreman horse-keeper and manure carman—not nice work, but honest and necessary. His labour is of such a nature that few men will tackle it, but to this man and his home it has brought fresh hope and respectability. He is no shirker, but he fears his job will be gone for him. Mr. Godbold, one of the Tribunal, whose Conscientious son has been exempted "for father's sake," said one firm stood off a dozen carmen as not wanted, but our friend says no firm could so dispense with men. "Let Mr. Godbold," he says, "send his son to do my work, so as to keep my place clear, and I would go with a good heart." It is a fair offer. What says Mr. Godbold?

Lack of Discernment.

It was extremely kind of the Women's Branch, Bombay Presidency War Relief Fund, to send packets of comforts to the men of the Somerset Light Infantry, stationed in the Punjaub. But why, oh why! did they enclose to everyone a cake of Hun soap—"Speick Seife"—packed in cartons covered with German words, the only English ones being, "Made in Bohemia"? The soap was also wrapped in a paper printed all over with German words in German text, winding up once more with the solitary line, "Made in Austria." Those ladies have good hearts, but their sense of the fitness of things is terribly acking.

A Sportive Offer.

According to one of our readers, "it is highly improbable our Government will see the Kaiser is hanged, as he ought to be." It is. "Will you, then," continues our reader, "organise a society, with members in every country, each to pay a small sum, say a shilling or half-a-crown, so that when The Day comes there will be sufficient funds in hand to send a man not afraid to shoot what the British Ministry will be too squeamish to hang? I would not trouble you if I had the necessary money to do the whole business myself, but——" Let the gentleman call on our cashier at the conclusion of Peace.

The Font and the Photo.

When you make a regulation, stick to it, is the official motto; not a bad one in its way, but some people not only stick like glue to a rule, but stretch it as well. That ban on photography furnishes an instance. A reader asked for permission, which was duly refused by the Chief Constable of Arundel, to photograph the font in a church three miles away from the sea. The ground of refusal seems to be that there was a military position about three-quarters of a mile distant—the said "military position" being a few soldiers billeted at a farmhouse. Somehow we think that font inside the church might have been snapped without endangering the Defence of the Realm.

Southward Ho!

There is no blinking the fact that, despite the summary extinction of the late rebellion and the loyal policy of General Botha and his colleagues, there is still a strong undertow of sedition in the affairs of British South Africa. In various quarters of the Union treason is openly preached, and among loyal South Africans, Dutch and British there is a growing consensus of opinion that the policy of toleration has been carried a good deal too far. With the tragic example of Ireland in full view, there should be no need to impress upon the South African Government the grave perils of the "ostrich" attitude in matters so closely touching the safety of the State. *All is not well with South Africa!*

Thrown Aside.

Called up as a reservist, Private Clarke left his work and £3 a week at Coventry and went out with the first batch. His wife received the separation allowance till he came home with shell-shock, totally unfit for work, and getting a pension of 25s. weekly for a time. Then he was told it would be reduced to 8s. 9d., but he declares that he has not received a penny since. With his wife and child he is living in something described as a "hutment" at Dudley. Mrs. Clarke, in delicate health, was found without food or fire. The ex-soldier had commenced work at a place where it is the custom to keep a fortnight's pay in hand, and had started off in the morning with a piece of dry bread. About £3 had been granted by the Tipton branch of the S. and S.F.A., but that had ceased because Clarke's "hutment" is in Dudley. We have stated just the bare facts; they speak for themselves so loudly that we hope they will shame the Pensions Committee into action.

There is no place like Home—for "Everywoman's."

Willing and Unwilling.

Among men starred as "indispensable" against their own wishes are young single ones employed in the provincial offices of cable companies. At least a hundred are willing to go but cannot do so because permission is withheld. The comb should also be applied to managers and men working for the different Co-operative Societies, who seem to be receiving far longer terms of exemption than do private traders.

The Young Bloaters.

A breath from the salt sea whispers in our ear that at Yarmouth and Gorleston, too, there are numerous young fellows in the fishing boats who might well be serving King and Country. Also that there are plenty of other fishermen, too old to serve, who are obliged to stand idly on the shore when they could well and truly man those boats and set youth and strength free to serve. Now, you fine young chaps—what about it?

Our Blinded Heroes.

Here is an extract from a letter from one of the splendid women who devote so much of their time to visiting the blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's, taking them for drives, walks, and otherwise ministering to their comforts:—"I feel I must just write and tell you what a blinded soldier from St. Dunstan's said when I asked if there was anything I could do for him. 'Please read JOHN BULL to me; it used to be my favourite paper,' he said, with a heart-breaking sigh." God bless him, and all his comrades.

A Hay Chestnut.

Some months ago we published a paragraph, supplied by a correspondent of exceptional social standing, stating that a farmer had sold to the War Office forage valued at £200, and had received the cheque, but when he requested the authorities to take delivery he was told that the officials "knew nothing about the transaction." We are now assured departmentally that this is a chestnut. Doubtless our correspondent, whose *bona-fides* are unquestionable, was misled. The Forage Department is one of the hardest worked in the War Office, and we are glad to bear testimony to the all-round value of its labours.

Flouting the "Trade."

Another affront to the despised publican seems to be the base of an affair, otherwise mysterious, occurring at Leeds. The Licensed Victuallers and Off-Licence holders of that city had made the handsome offer of a fleet of motor ambulances, to be provided by themselves without a penny of outside support. Their Executive report that "the offer has been practically ignored by the authorities," with the result that it is now said to be withdrawn. If the "authorities" concerned are a collection of rabid teetotalers, one cannot be surprised when the publicans turn at long last to resent one more insult.

Our £1,000 "Bullet" Winner.

We are glad to know that our £1,000 "Bullet" prize went to a boy in khaki—Mr. T. O. Jones now being a Tommy in a Welsh Regiment.

Cyprus for Turks.

What has Lord Grey to say to the allegation of Mr. G. L. Piperides, a Cypriot, that "Turks—Turkish-born and Turkish subjects—are kept to-day in high and low confidential posts in the Cyprus Government, Police and Customs, and are preferred to any other native element"? We thought this country was at war with the Turks, and that Cyprus was a British possession.

Four Roses.

Notice exhibited outside a closed shop in Swanage: "Owing to the refusal of the Tribunal Committee to grant exemption as granted to others of Swanage, including employees, relatives, and friends of members of the Tribunal, this business is unavoidably closed. Brothers enlisted. A. Rose, age 25; M. Rose, age 24; L. Rose, age 22; O. Rose, age 21." All which goes to prove that in Swanage a Rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. Still, the allegation, if true, is awful. What has the local Military Representative been doing to allow the Tribunal to exempt its own relatives in the wholesale manner alleged?

Good Men Scrapped.

At a time when every good man ought to be able to find his right place in our country, it is extraordinary that the Ministry of Munitions won't look at anybody over a conventional age line. A case before us is typical of many. It is that of a trained mechanical engineer, who has been through every stage of his trade, from sweeping out the shop to works manager. He is hale and hearty, serves in the Volunteers, and can do his ten miles march without blowing; yet because he is 60 he cannot get a job at munitions, engineering, or anything else. Is the bar a question of insurance under the Workmen's Compensation Act? If so, shouldn't they be allowed to contract out?

A Derelict Gift.

Catford people, learning to love the lads of the Royal West Kents when they met them during training, subscribed for and provided a field kitchen as a welcome gift to the boys when they should go to France. Well, the boys have been in France about nine months now, and have indeed done well. But their field kitchen—a really fine and most useful article—is, we are told, not with them. It has not even started the journey. If the Royal West Kents wish to know the whereabouts of their kitchen, our information is that it is rusting through non-use in a tram-shed at the old tram-yard, Rushey Green, Catford. It is tied down with red-tape, which Catford should snap.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS" (For Sale advertisement):—
"Dog, eight months old; also SAUSAGE MACHINE AND FILLER."

"THE ERA" (advertisement):—
"—— & ——'s Latest Artistic Triumph, The Somewhat Different Drama, THE GIRL WHO TOOK THE RISK, VACANT. MONDAY NEXT THROUGH OBLIGING A MANAGER."

MR. I. A. R. WYLIE (in the *Storyteller Magazine*):—
"He sat with . . . HIS HANDS THRUST IN HIS POCKETS, a lowering scowl on his handsome, brutal face, and PLAYED MOODILY WITH HIS EMPTY GLASS."

"WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE STANDARD" (advertisement):—
"COCK-MATRON wanted at once at Burford Grammar School."

"PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER":—
"When in the dark hours Flora and her knight set out to escape, Olga's chauffeur stealthily followed them. John's quick ears HEARD the creeping SHADOW."

"DAILY MALTA CHRONICLE":—
"He (Mr. Lloyd George) said that the FUTURE slaughter of the Germans would be NOTHING AS COMPARED TO WHAT WAS COMING."

"INDIAN SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED":—
"The Bishop of Rangoon is confined to his room for several days with a SEVERE CHILL, and is unable to transact any business."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I am glad that you seem at length to be disposed in favour of the Channel Tunnel scheme—which in the light of the war's experience has gained immensely in popularity, both in this country and in France. However, as you rightly insist, the problem is primarily one for the naval and military authorities, and for the present we must be content with your assurance that the whole question will be presently reconsidered "without prepossession or prejudice." Your undertaking to this effect will, I am sure, be faithfully redeemed; and I am pretty certain that unbiased inquiry will thoroughly commend the project. It is emphatically a "business proposition."

JOHN BULL.

To General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief, French Army.

DEAR GENERAL,—I cannot allow the wonderful triumph of the French Army at Verdun to pass without a word of respectful appreciation. It is a magnificent victory. Gloriously you have sustained the fine military traditions of France. As I write, it is reported that the desperate German counter-attack has signally failed. Every point is held. The enemy is hurled back with terrific loss. His tremendous sacrifices have resulted only in discomfiture and dismay. Whatever vicissitudes may yet be in store for the cause of the Allies, nothing can detract from the glory of the French resistance at Verdun, now crowned with the laurels of victory.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I am credibly informed that Germany, with prudent foresight, has already established a special Imperial Department to deal with trade problems after the war. In case you may have been too busy to notice it, I venture to pass on the information, and at the same time to inquire what is happening at our end of the field. Of course, I know all about the Paris Resolutions and the Special Committees that are squatting all round them, but I want more particularly to hear what they have *done*—or, if they haven't done anything, when they are going to begin. Perhaps you will drop me a postcard.

JOHN BULL.

To General Dalrymple, Local Tribunal, Camberley.

DEAR GENERAL,—Apropos of that remark of yours on the undertaker's appeal—to wit, that "in these days polished coffins and brass handles are a luxury, and if people cannot be buried in plain wooden boxes they had better be burned," I don't think you would like to read some of the letters which have reached me. As a fair sample of the goods, I will just mention that one of my correspondents suggests that when you are dead you should be collected by the Camberley dustman and disposed of in the refuse destructor, to save the expense and waste of a military funeral. People are really very sensitive about their obsequies, and if I were you I should avoid in future such rough references to them—at any rate, from the judgment seat of a man-catching Tribunal.

JOHN BULL.

To Horace Charles Gowen, Esq., Brewery Manager, Lynn.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on being acquitted of the charge on the Coroner's inquisition of manslaughter in connection with an unfortunate motor accident when you were driving a car, and your uncle, who was crippled and deaf, was so injured that he died. With that facility to think and state the worst which is an ingrained habit with so many persons, you were said to be the worse for drink—whereas you were yourself badly injured and quite naturally in a highly nervous state. I agree with the Judge at the Norfolk Assizes, and have yet to learn that a chauffeur being drunk would cause a tyre to burst "which was the obvious and only cause of the accident." No attempt was made to sustain the cruel charge against you, and under which you had laboured for two months. Again, congratulations.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. D'Abernon and Co., Central Uncontrolled Board, London.

GENTLEMEN,—Why Parliament ever parted with powers of control it ought to have zealously retained I have never been able to fathom. Apparently Mr. Lloyd George hypnotised the members of a House ready to concede almost any demand made in the name of patriotism. The result is that ever since your appointment you have indulged yourselves in an orgie of tyrannical and fanatical pumpuritanism uncontrolled and uncontrollable, applauded no doubt by every teetotal extremist and pietistic professor, but assailed with anger and disgust by every citizen whose social liberties you have ruthlessly suppressed. From the first, you have acted on the monstrous supposition that every British man and woman, however respectable and however temperate, is a potential drunkard, whose only moral and social salvation is in repression. You have passed from extreme to extreme, from absurdity to absurdity, and the progress of your despotic fanaticism has been so rapid that nobody can rest assured that the arbitrary restriction of to-day will not be succeeded by a more arbitrary prohibition to-morrow. I hope you will take the result of the recent debate in the House as a warning. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Lloyd George.

MADAM,—I perceive your name among those of a number of ladies, well-known in social work, who have issued a manifesto in favour of the compulsory notification of certain diseases, and I must be taken as addressing them all through you. Permit me to point out to you that the Royal Commission, who have already issued their Report, and the National Council for Combatting such disease—an expert body now in existence—both agree *against* notification. It is early treatment which has to be encouraged in this scourge; notification will multiply ignorance and secrecy, and therefore increases the areas of contagion. *Do* leave these things alone.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

DEAR MINISTER,—Your recent speech in defence of the Uncontrolled Liquor Board was notable for several amazing admissions. "Deliberately," you explained, your Department "made the Board independent of Parliament," because—and these are the words that demand emphasis—"if every Order had had to be discussed and debated in Parliament the Board would have achieved nothing." It follows, therefore, that in your opinion there is not a single Order of the Board that would have obtained a majority in Parliament on its merits after fair and open discussion. This is plain speaking, and now we know where we are. You are evidently not hypocrite enough for the rôle of "temperance reformer."

JOHN BULL.

To F. Atterbury, Esq., C.B., Controller, H.M. Stationery Office.

SIR,—I suppose Ministers are so busy preaching war economy that they have no time to insist that Government departments shall practise it. As you are or ought to be well aware, the general supply of paper has been for a long time restricted. Still further restrictions of supply are announced, and yet I find that a supplement to the *London Gazette*, "printed and published for His Majesty's Stationery Office," consists of four pages, of which three are entirely blank! In other official departments the most scandalous and disgraceful waste is going on. No wonder the war is costing us £35,000,000 a week!

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Barnett, M.P.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—You were returned for West St. Pancras unopposed, to give support to the Coalition Government, and yet your first act is to champion the rights of the small shopkeeper against the irritating early closing proposals of the Home Secretary, and, what is more, you scored a success. Don't think I am complaining of your conduct—far from it. But it does give one food for thought, doesn't it, when an unbusinesslike Minister muddles and interferes in such a way that his newest supporter, with the bloom of membership fresh upon him, is out to slay him?

JOHN BULL.

RED TAPE ENTANGLEMENTS.

THE PATRIOTS' PILGRIMAGE.

HOW TO SAVE ROUMANIA.

FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD—THE PRESENT PERIL IN THE BALKANS.

By A. G. Hales.

SINCE the earliest days of the war it has been my unswerving contention that the Middle East, the backbone of German-Austrian-Turkish-Bulgarian power, was the vital spot at which the Allies should strike in order that our arch-enemy should be crippled for all time—and I am more convinced on that point to-day than ever before. Had we pursued a resolute and continuous policy, we could have broken the backbone of the Unclean Alliance almost any time during the past twelve months and doubled Germany back upon herself; then we could have thrown a horde of black and brown troops at Turkey and wiped her off the map. Some writers have been asserting of late that we cannot get enough coloured troops within our Empire to make an appreciable difference to the war, and they affirm that military and political opinion of value is behind them in this contention. If that be true, then both military and political opinion have changed in most marvellous fashion in recent years—for it was one of the boasts of both soldiers and statesmen that in the event of a great war we could produce enough coloured soldiers to enable us to defy any coalition which might be formed against us. If I am wrong—if we cannot obtain the brown and black men by the million—why have we spent so much treasure, why spilled so much priceless blood, to incorporate the black and brown nations under our flag? Why the Basuto and the Zulu wars? Why the many costly Indian campaigns? Why the Soudanese and other wars—which were great enough to make Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener, Hunter, McDonald and Rundle famous—why? Answer that, if the warriors we conquered cannot now be brought into line to smash Turkey and sweep Mesopotamia clear of German influence and power. The climate is just suited to the black and brown auxiliaries. I want all Britons to ask this Government in stentorian tones, "Why?" and again "Why?" Was the blood of *our* working population who formed all our old armies poured out on desert sands, under burning suns, merely in order that Capital might be exploited with profit, or was it to build an Empire that would stand the shock of just such a war as the present?

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THANK GOD FOR LONDON!

By M. F.

London—the first city in the Empire, the welcome and the refuge of every other nation under the sun, the flower in the garden of Britain's pride, and the heart of the glory for which we fight to-day! Wrapped in her mantle of care the mother-city broods not, for her gates open wide and quick youth and purpose stern walk side by side with the light and laughter of her glorious women.

From the brown wastes of Flanders and the desert fields behind Bethune; from the grey ships that guard the North Sea; from the East and the West and the South, and the hot places where the brave spirits of men faint unto death—from Hell unto Light, our men look to her with a nameless thought that passes understanding.

Ten days' leave—five days' leave—twenty-four hours' leave—and "Thank God for the light and laughter of London town!" Worth it all out there for this? Sure—every bit!

The morning in the park, where the autumn dew hangs like a diamond fretwork on every tree; the noon—a palace, sparkling music and a hundred dainty maidens, and afterwards the hospitality of a hundred homes. One's orchestra, by an open window, the roar and rumble of London traffic. And evening time is here on wings—and what would you, more light and laughter and dainty women! And then the night; brave old Mother London wraps you in her broad, beneficent arms; and *your* prayer—"Thank God for London!" Why not?

When the cry of war was yet three days old in the land, my bonnie mate heard the call and said "Good-bye" to me. We have never met since. Alas! now I know we never shall.

It was not in the silent sanctuary of the Church when I offered up my heart in anguished prayer that I found my consolation, but in the buoyant spirit of grand old London streets. No mitres here, or wreaths of light!

And the lore of the streets . . . just broken yarns of Mons, the Aisne, the Marne. Glorious boys. they pass in their sameness of colour, yet figures ever new. The answering smile from eye to eye, the ready quip, the song, the jest, the outstretched hand—"And put yours there!" This is the prayer that Tommy wants, and all that he needs.

Every golden-hearted lad has offered up his soul on the altar of his country. Then who dares to talk of "the souls to save"? To-day they *live*. To-morrow, perhaps—a part of the glory that was France.

No tears. And yet no tomb. And where the infamy?

Dear prophet, rest thy crook awhile and learn of the book that is humanity. Stay thy prayers a space that you may laugh with us in the common sun; let the music of life flow through your veins, that you may live long and well in the land. To be holy in thought, word and deed one must *know* all, be able to *accept* all. In the worst—the very worst of the bad people in London and elsewhere—there is good. Forget the bad, and look for the soul tucked away beneath.

The night-hawks of Piccadilly are those who see evil in the careless pleasure of an idle hour to ease the memory of agonised and stressful ones . . . out yonder. The Daniel who is come to judgment is a back number.

The fulfilment of prayer to-day in this crowded hour of life will be the record of deeds to be painted on the canvas of history for all time to come. That the students in this world-wide academy can laugh awhile in the course of their work is God's Prayer, and He is glad that it is so.

And those poor souls of ill-fame! How small, in reality, their number in comparison with the thousands and thousands of others who have rallied in the band of unity to make of England what she is to-day—the backbone of the Empire.

The prophet hath cast the stone. Let them pass—shadows on the book of sunlight. The fallen ones of earth have ever been, and will be. Mother London's mantle shelters all.

And how of the second prophet who called forth that the nation be saved? Peace to his idle prating. The glorious traditions of our country in days of old lived again in those dark days of August, 1914.

Since then many thousand Canadian hearts are stilled for ever, that chivalry might live. How many Australian lads have died on bravery's altar to prove that honour cannot die? And New Zealanders from the far-off reaches of the Empire heard the battle-song of the ages and joined in lustily with all their hearts. Mother London welcomed them all, and her women held out grateful hands and smiled their welcome with shining eyes. And the prophets strode up and down the land and cried: "Lo! the Churches are empty, and the nation sunk thereby in infamy."

Blasphemers, to prate of "saving the nation"!

Heretics—fanatics—get you gone! All the world hath seen and wondered at the nation that has flowered anew. But the prophets saw not, for they were blind in their praying.

God give them the light of a quenchless lamp that their hearts may see the mighty spirit that is London—the City of Glory and Refuge, even to them!

THE MAKING OF BRITAIN.

By EDMUND BURTON.

"*This war will be our ruination!*"

Yes, it is a nauseating admission, but we still hear that phrase made use of by a certain section of the community—mainly by those who do not read JOHN BULL (and there *are* a few left, unfortunately!)

Imagine it! Fancy, with all our triumphs since Paris was snatched from beneath the very nose of the Hun—since we locked him in an unbreakable clasp before Ypres, and our French Allies held him outside Verdun; since we began to push him relentlessly back all along the Somme front; since the Navy swept his last cruiser from the seven seas—fancy hearing such a statement from the lips of apparently sane men, who have had opportunity of considering these things!

"*This war will be our ruination!*"

There it is!—The whine of the pessimistic dog; the squeak of the equally pessimistic rat!

I am not an extreme Socialist—in fact, I do not hold with *any* Party, other than a *Business* Party. I do not, and never will, agree that money should be equally divided among all men—that no single individual should be allowed to make more than a fixed income—for it would kill ambition and perseverance. But this I *do* say, and say it emphatically—before the war there was too much class-distinction, too much grinding down of the poor by the rich, too much "space" between employer and employee. That is why I say we were not "made" till war began, and till rich and poor, duke and dustman, answered the call together, fought together, and—died together.

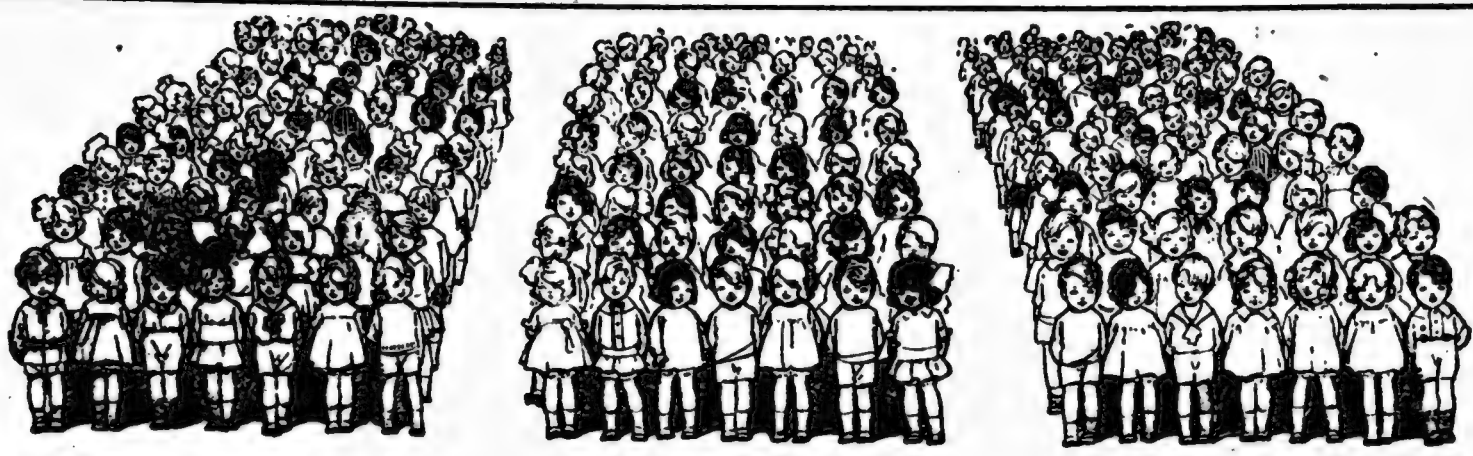
There, on the shell-furrowed fields of France and Flanders, at unfortunate Gallipoli, in fly-ridden Mesopotamia, and now along the banks of the crimson Somme they mingled life with life, and blood with blood. They were "mates" in every sense of the word, each one defending all that the world held dear to him—the duke his castle, the clerk his modest dwelling, the labourer his cottage.

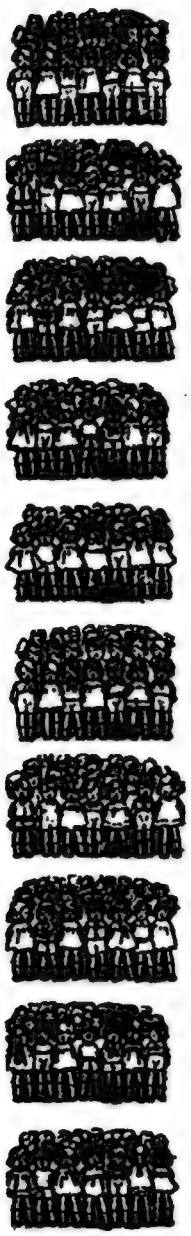
That is how we are being "made" friends! *That* is why Great Britain will emerge from this titanic struggle an even cleaner nation than of yore. Henceforth it is hardly conceivable that—having seen what they have seen, having passed through the Gates of Hell and emerged again into a more glorious Life—the rich can ever again look down, as from a pinnacle, upon their less fortunate brethren, or the poor curse the wealthy for doing so.

They will have fought, bled, and *won* together—henceforth they will dwell together in peace and amity with each other, to their mutual good.

"*This war will 'make' Britain!*"

Yes, there is certainly no doubt of it. The blending of the classes is forming the keystone to complete the great Triumphal Arch—*Our Arch of Glory!*





FOUR ARMY CORPS

of BRITISH children are carried away by weakness and disease every year.

If British children, equal in number to those carried away by weakness and disease every year, could be paraded in army array—what a lesson it would be to every mother!

It is a pathetic truth that every year the sad waste of child life continues, that weakness and disease continue to claim tens of thousands of little ones—many of whom might have been saved by timely care and proper nourishment.

At the present time it is a patriotic, as well as a humane duty to devote extra care to the children, for, as the words of Charles Kingsley declare, "*Nations are gathered out of the nurseries.*"

A CALL TO MOTHERS.

Will you help to stop the sad waste of child life? You can do this by seeing that your own little ones are healthy, sturdy and strong—ready to face the cruel winter weather and epidemics.

Don't wait until the winter weather comes! *Build up your little ones now.* Strengthen and nourish them. Guard them against chills and colds. Protect them against weakness and disease.

Your own pleasure will be greater as you see your little ones enjoying the pleasure and security of health and strength.

How mothers can build up their little ones.

Give SCOTT'S Emulsion regularly to baby and the children, *before winter comes.*

SCOTT'S Emulsion is a combination of the world's finest cod liver oil with hypophosphites of lime and soda—known, approved and recommended by doctors everywhere.

A course of SCOTT'S Emulsion strengthens the bones, increases weight, enriches the blood, and maintains the tissues of the lungs in a healthy condition.

It protects weakly infants from *rickets, wasting diseases, teething troubles* and *convulsions.*

It gives the strength to overcome or resist *coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, measles* and *influenza.*

Children who are weak and thin, grow sturdy and strong when nourished by this lung-healing and body-building food.

You are helping in the fight against the waste of child life when you keep your little ones nourished by SCOTT'S Emulsion. Insist on genuine

Always see the fishman on the package. None genuine without it

SCOTT'S EMULSION

NATURE'S LUNG-HEALING AND BODY-BUILDING FOOD.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

The R.N.A.S.

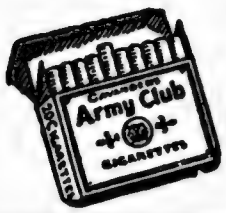
"One of my college chums asks me if the letters I have mean 'Rather naughty after sunset,' or 'Really not a sailor.' If being up at all times and in all weathers short of a hurricane, cruising through space at 100 per hour in an atmosphere that seems specially manufactured in the polar regions is not seafaring, well—it's not exactly like lying in a feather bed in a hot-house, I can tell you. I'm not sorry to come down and 'thaw out' with the aid of a Cavander 'Army Club.' They're great—the finest I've struck yet: and you can go on smoking one after the other without a touch of 'nerves.'"

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.



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BRITISH MADE.

IT has not always been easy to get British-made underwear at the price asked for foreign stuff. "Rameses" makes it easy. Rameses garments are carefully made from durable yarns; they give such service as makes it not only good Patriotism but sound economy to buy them.

If you want to be *sure* of the comfort, fit, and service of your underwear, if you want to be satisfied that your money could not have been better spent, if you want to know that none but Britons have had a hand in fashioning the garments nearest to your skin—wear RAMESES.

RAMESES

BRITISH UNDERWEAR

You cannot help the old country better than by showing all possible preference for the goods the old country makes.

Sold everywhere in garments for Men and Women.

Every garment bears the Rameses Head Trade Mark

ASK YOUR DRAPER OR HOSIER TO-DAY.

BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY, ENGLAND

Mazda gives the Master Light

More Mazda lamps are in use to-day than any other make of lamp. All classes—from the highest to the lowest—use them. Mazda lamps are used in the Royal Palaces, they also brighten the poorest homes. They are used in the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, General Post Office, Royal Naval Colleges, by the War Office, Admiralty, and all other Government Departments.

MAZDA

DRAWN-WIRE

ELECTRIC LAMPS

have achieved their world-wide popularity because of unsurpassed qualities.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

WORKS, RUG Y.

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

BRAVO, TUSSAUD!

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

We have received the following interesting letter from Mr. J. T. Tussaud:—"As a regular reader of your valuable and most instructive paper, my attention was drawn to your letter, addressed to my Company, which appeared in your issue of the 16th September. In it you call attention to what you describe as a blot—or rather four blots—upon our 'interesting and intellectual display,' namely, the inclusion of the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Bulgaria, and the Emperors of Austria and Germany in our collection of celebrities and notorieties. Of course, such a letter from such an influential person could not pass unnoticed, and it was brought before my Board of Directors at the earliest opportunity. Prior to the date of your letter the pack had already been re-shuffled, and the figures to which you refer had been relegated to a much less conspicuous position than they had previously occupied. When your letter was penned they were conspiring against the peace of Europe in a small room which contains the tableau representing 'The Destruction of Messina'—a scene of ruin which seems to be in keeping with this Machiavellian group. Like yourself, other visitors had frequently suggested that the quartette should be placed in another famous—or infamous—part of the Exhibition, but the trouble was that Burke and Hare, Charles Peace, Greenacre and Wainwright, whom you name, and their comparatively innocuous companions, would not hear of their abode being thus desecrated. What were we to do? I am now pleased to inform you that after considering your remarks a solution has been arrived at: the pack has been shuffled again, and, by a remarkable feat of legerdemain the four knaves have now disappeared altogether." We congratulate Messrs. Tussaud on this happy solution to the problem.

THE SUGAR SCANDAL.

UNFAIR TRADING AT THE EXPENSE OF THE POOR.

A common hedgehog could get along faster than the Government with their alleged efforts to minimise the hardships of the poor in respect of sugar purchases. Everybody knows that the big stores and shops are using sugar as a means of compelling the poor to spend money on goods they do not need or cannot afford to buy. There is, however, another aspect of this sugar scandal which has revealed itself at Leeds. In that Yorkshire city small grocers have somehow been put into the position of receiving considerable supplies of sugar, which they are retailing at 7d., and sometimes more, per pound. An informant assures us that while his own wholesaler has been able lately to supply him with only 28 pounds and 24 pounds of sugar as two weeks' supply, another small grocer not far from him is selling sugar in retail quantities of 14 pounds to 30 pounds at 7d. per pound. "I have," he says, "that information from a house where 14 pounds were bought for private consumption yesterday. It is quite easy to make a small fortune by bidding big prices to wholesalers, putting on a big profit, and then making a speciality of sugar at the expense of one's fellow-traders." If that can be done in Leeds it can be done elsewhere. If it *is* done in Leeds it probably is done elsewhere. Thus, while certain large companies owning many retail shops are making directly and indirectly big profits out of the sugar shortage and distribution, and well-to-do people are able to get practically all the sugar they want, the poor are either turned empty away or compelled to make unnecessary purchases as a condition of obtaining any sugar at all. With money in their hands, they are not getting their fair share of the sugar they need. An inquiry into the methods of the Ministry for Sugar would probably disclose the "reason why."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Whilst rebels plot their crimes,
Defiling Erin's land,
Friend Carson thinks betimes
He's found the Hun-seen hand.

"Go back! They're not at home,"
The official wildly cries,
"How dare you bring that comb?
You fill me with surprise."

"Please, Mr. Miner, do
A little work—You will?
'Tis asking much, 'tis true,
When duty counts for *nil*."

The Camel and the Laird
Made little Lever jump,
He was so badly scared,
For both showed signs of hump.

John Bull is mighty sour;
His feelings you can guess,
To find, at this late hour,
We've got the "Whitewash" mess.

Roumania, who has braved
The German hordes so well,
Must speedily be saved
From Hunnish Bird of Hell.

HANDS

PATRIOTISM, NOT "PAP"—A CHADBAND

BEWARE OF T

WE are fighting for Liberty—for the freedom of small nationalities, and the right of every People to control its own destiny. Let us be careful that we do not while struggling for the shadow lose the substance—in other words that, under the plea of "war necessity" and the exigencies of the great crisis through which the world is passing, we as a people do not surrender *our* liberty and *our* freedom into the hands of a tyrannical bureaucracy. On every side there are signs of encroachments by the Government on the proper rights of the nation. It is a slow and insidious growth, for—begun under the guise, and indeed it may be under the legitimate claim, of the good of the State—these curtailments upon our liberties, these restrictions on the free play of our normal life, may prove to be fixed and immutable, unless we see the danger in time and make plans to avert it. Now to those of our readers who have neither the time nor the inclination to study the trend of legislation or to take note of the nature of Government regulations what we are saying may seem almost mysterious, and in any case unnecessary. But we think we can show that we have reached a point in the departmental control of the life of the People at which it is well to take stock of the position and to note the direction in which we are drifting.

Under the Cloak of "Necessity."

Let us repeat what we have so often said—and we do not recede one inch from the lines we have laid down in print and on the public platform. If we thought it would help us to win this war a day sooner; if it could be shown that by the shutting up of every public-house in this country, or burning every ounce of tobacco in stock, we could hasten the hour of victory and so save some of the lives which are being laid down with such noble gallantry by the best of our sons, we would vote for total prohibition, for earlier and still earlier closing, for restrictions here and regulations there—for anything and everything which could assist in closing the gates of death that now gape wide across the battlefields of Europe. But we are certain that, under the cloak of national necessity, the faddist and the crank, Stiggins and Chadband, the kill-joys and the sour-visaged, are fastening their miserable hands upon the legitimate habits of the People, and are forging manacles on freedom which it will need all our strength and resolution to loosen when war is ended and peace is won.

Attempt to Crush the Press.

There are some well-meaning persons who will argue that nothing matters just now. We are all out to win the war, and if we patiently endure whatever Ministers and Departments may put upon us, it is, after all, only our stay-at-home share in the inevitable discomforts caused by the world strife—there will be plenty of time to talk of our civil liberties when we have successfully fought to retain our national and Imperial freedom. That is in a sense quite true, but it is that most dangerous of all things, a half truth. Why, we can recall how, nearly two years ago, when Parliament was rushed into giving the Government unlimited powers—under what is known as the Defence of the Realm Act—very grave and fundamental were the attempted encroachments on the liberty of the press. There was a certain Minister of the Crown, since raised to the exalted office of Lord Chancellor, who declared in the House of Commons that he would not allow any Minister to be criticised, because it might have a tendency to depress the nation! That was the claim made by the then Chief of the Press Bureau. Think what it meant. No matter how grossly incompetent a Minister might prove himself to be, or how seriously his action might interfere with the proper conduct of the war, he was to be above criticism, his actions were to be free from all comment, and the newspaper which dared to question his methods or doubt his efficiency would be dealt with under the new Act!

What the Censor Might Have Done.

Parliament, which at that time was shocked into subservience by the sudden perils the war had revealed, sat silent under that fatally dangerous claim. Not one word of protest was raised—there was just a dumb acquiescence. But fortunately there were those on the press who realised the significance of Sir Stanley Buckmaster's challenge, saw what a startling menace it was to the just liberties of the newspapers, and undertook the patriotic duty of exposing and defeating the Government's preposterous claims. We are putting forward these facts not as an accusation, but in illustration of what we mean when we say how easy it is under stress of war to surrender liberties which, lost in a moment of pressure, may involve a big and even bitter struggle if they are to be regained. If those declarations on behalf of the Cabinet and in restriction of the freedom of the press had gone unchallenged—it is only fair to say that when their full meaning was revealed the Government quickly renounced them—many great questions whose ventilation has led to reform and to the quicker progress of the war would have remained hidden behind the fatal silence of a dumb and an enchained newspaper press. The absence of vigour and thoroughness in dealing with the alien enemy, the fatal and prolonged delay in strengthening the blockade on the seas so as to prevent war material and foodstuffs reaching Germany, the recent newspaper agitation for the just and generous treatment of the soldier and his dependents, and for a more sincere and honest execution of the policy of winding up Hun firms—all these questions, which involve the action or inaction of Ministers, would have been ruled out from discussion. We should never have had that campaign that exposed the shell shortage—a shortage which gave for long a fatal advantage to the enemy, has protracted the war, and claimed its penalty in thousands of the best lives of the Empire. Once the nation realised the truth, a truth which even the Cabinet tried to hide, then there was nothing we

S OFF!

O COALITION—WHO PULLS THE STRINGS?

THE CRANKS.

would not do, no sacrifice we would not and did not willingly make to repair the terrible error and give our fighting men the material without which British gallantry was but madness, and little short of suicide.

To Win the War.

And so to-day we repeat that if it be made plain that some new restriction is essential to success, some added curtailment of our ordinary liberties—some further interference with the once normal course of our lives—is called for in the national interest, no one will raise a word of protest. The national interest is summed up in three words, "Win the war." That is the test and the touchstone. But there are those who would prey upon our feelings, make play with our patriotism, and in the name of necessity widen their propaganda and insert the thin end of every faddish wedge. It is not too much to say that the Liquor Control Board is being used by the fanatic and the extremist to fasten for all time unjust restrictions on the quite legitimate drinking habits of the people. Of course those who think that to drink a glass of beer is a sin welcome every act of the executive which tends to make permanent the vexatious rules that originated in a legitimate desire to prevent excess in war-work areas, and applaud the prosecutions under the humiliating Non-Treating Order, which degrades to a police court offence a husband's action in paying for his wife's refreshment! But those are just the people who, in other departments of national life affected by the war, cry aloud for what *they* are pleased to call the liberty of the subject, and while they will refuse the right of the individual to a glass of beer, deny the power of the State to call upon its lusty citizens for its defence.

Vexatious Early Closing.

Take the drastic Order for the compulsory closing of shops. Here, again, if the necessity could be clearly shown and the advantage plainly demonstrated, we should be the last to say one word in complaint or to raise the smallest voice of protest. But we are not convinced. We only see a pettifogging interference with the ordinary habits of the people, another miserable leaf out of the German book of State regulation of the individual life, without any just cause or sufficient compensation. No one will deny that there was something to be said for the earlier closing and the restriction of hours of public-houses—something, but by no means all the teetotal faddists would have us believe. But no plea of morals or sobriety can be urged in favour of making the small shop-keeper close his doors at the very hour when he does the best part of his trade—between 8 and 9 in the evening. It won't help a man to work better at the lathe or the bench, it won't expedite the production of munitions, to make it more difficult to buy an ounce of tobacco just when you want to buy it; and as to confectionery—well, a jam tart or a currant bun may not be the best things for the digestion, but not even that awful person, the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, can plead that the confectioner's shop tends to lower the moral tone of the nation. There are thousands of humble folk who are keeping the little general shop and, in their small way, paying taxes. The Home Secretary's proposals, these unhappy people tell us, will spell ruin for them, and unless all kinds of further restrictions are improvised there will be all-round injustice. What justice will there be in closing the local tobacconists if the local club can surreptitiously supply its members with cigarettes and cigars? Don't you see where this kind of pettifogging interference leads?

The Making of New Crimes.

War work has lengthened the hours of the labouring community, and if at the same time it has increased their wages, well, so much the better. But to render it impossible for a man or his wife to do shopping after eight on five days of the week, or after nine o'clock on Saturdays, is just one of those pieces of departmental stupidity or tyranny which make us despair of common-sense in Government control. And when we see with what rigour all these regulations and restrictions are carried out, and how the law is made to back up the Panjandrums of Whitehall, we are justified in protesting against this making of new crimes and this easy formulation of more and more regulations by which our lives are cabined and controlled. In every branch of our industrial life, in every department of civil employment, in our waking and our sleeping hours, we are now regulated and controlled by hordes of officials. Our Cinema entertainments are to be "censored" for us, our letters are opened, and we dare not send a little wager abroad *lest our communication should really be a secret code with the enemy!* Arbitrary power grows on what it feeds. Ministers and departmental officials are only human, and as they begin to enjoy the delights of rule, and taste the dangerous pleasures of bureaucratic control, they proceed from reason to extreme and from extreme to tyranny. We repeat, if this war is a war for anything worth fighting for, it is a struggle for individual freedom and for national liberty. It will be an evil day for us if those who are risking all for these great ideals return home victorious from the field only to find that while they have struck a blow for liberty we have blindly surrendered theirs and our own. Germany is suffering from the curse of militarism. Her people gave up their liberties into the keeping of the High Command, and to-day they see red ruin staring them in the face—they have been made the victims of the god they worshipped. We must not make a similar mistake and allow officialdom to ride roughshod over us, or permit the bureaucrats of Whitehall to put us in the chains of slavery. They may justly claim our willing consent to any well-considered measures which are necessary for the prosecution of the war and the winning of peace. But we are a free people—we are grown up; and we say—Hands off, you bureaucrats and officials—hands off our just liberties and our freedom to live our own lives!

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C.F.H.

GOVERNMENT AS BILKERS.

CALLOUSNESS OF INSURANCE DEPT.

A reader living "somewhere in the Northern Counties" sends us particulars of the very scurvy treatment he has experienced at the hands of the Government Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance Department. In return for the payment of an annual premium of 3s., he was stated to be insured for £100 against these war risks. Early in August last, shortly after he had handed over the second premium, injury was done to his goods by hostile aircraft to the extent of some twenty pounds odd, and over a month after lodging his claim he wrote to the Official Assessors, Messrs. Thorp, Wright and Mills, of East Parade, Leeds, pointing out that the period of thirty days within which the policy stated the Government would discharge their obligation had expired, and that he had therefore no other alternative than to demand a settlement at once. In reply he received this particularly cool communication:—

Re Aircraft Claim.—In reply to your letter of the 17th, we can only refer you to ours of the 8th inst., that the matter is in the hands of the Government, and add that we have received no instructions from the War Risks Office to move in the matter. It is useless you talking about *demanding* a settlement.

A natural protest produced the following, dated October 2nd:—

Re Aircraft Claim.—In reply to your letter of yesterday *re* Air Raid loss, we quite appreciate your desire to have the matter adjusted. As we have previously informed you, we can do nothing further without the instructions of the Government, and it is absolutely impossible for us to move them.

With any other concern such tactics could only be described as a dishonest evasion of a legal undertaking. The result of this despicable attitude on the part of the authorities is that the poor sufferer, who thought that he could safely trust the Government to carry out the terms of its policy, is reduced to such a deplorable state that we have made him a compassionate grant of £5. It would have been much better for him had he saved the premiums on the Government policy and complied with the conditions of our free offer. It is astonishing that such scandals should take place in a Government Department.

A TRADESMAN'S LAMENT.

HARSH PROCEEDINGS AT HOMERTON.

A Homerton reader—keeping a "shell-fish" stall—tells us that, despite the fact that his daughter, aged 13 years and 10 months, had passed all her "standards," and was assisting him only because his two men had joined up, he was summoned and fined 10s. Now he has been fined £1 in respect of a younger child—a son aged 9—who was just "giving an eye" to the stall while an older lad was away. All things considered, the proceedings were vexatious, and the penalties out of all proportion to the triviality of the offences disclosed.

EMPTY AWAY.

WHY BRITONS HUNGER IN HOLLAND.

A prisoner of war in Holland—home on *parole* on account of his mother's serious illness—tells us that the British Government is allowing only 5½d. a day for the rations of each prisoner. The men interned are badly fed; therefore—as the Dutch Government cannot possibly keep them in health-building and health-keeping rations for the money—the men who do not receive parcels from home are half-starved. Here at home our Germhun prisoners of war live like fighting cocks. In a neutral country such as Holland, where our authorities have a chance of behaving decently to our British prisoners interned there through sheer bad luck, the Government keep the appetites of vigorous manhood on the border-line of hunger. Not less than 1,500 British prisoners are interned in Holland. All have done their bit, though their bit is now forgotten. They joined up willingly at the beginning of the war; they were the first volunteers to go into action; and surely the least our Government can do for them is to give them sufficient food. The Government have not, and rightly not, been sparing in stigmatising the brutal policy of the Germhuns in starving British prisoners of war; if in their parsimony they underfeed our prisoners, in a neutral country, what is the epithet they themselves deserve? It is very certain that Mr. Lloyd George, the War Minister, if he had to live on 5½d. a day—even if he doesn't take wine—would certainly awake in the morning very hungry. Our men in Holland have every right to expect and claim from the Government rations adequate to the demands of their bodily vigour and unfortunate situation.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Several horses have been really well backed for the Cambridgeshire, and throughout last week the market was lively. Cornsheaf, my selection for the Cesarewitch, is again very much fancied, and her running in the long distance handicap points strongly to her chance. Others much expected are Ballaghtobin, Julean and Russley, and from this quartette the winner should come. I shall divide my vote between BALLAGHTOBIN and CORNSHEAF. Other events today may result as follows:—Maiden T.Y.O. Plate, TOUR DE NESLES c.; New Nursery, SIBYL GREY*; Moulton Stakes, HAMMOND.

To-morrow (Thursday): Jockey Club Cup, HURRY ON; Houghton Handicap, SCHAMYL; Dewhurst Plate, KNUTSFORD*; Richmond Nursery, TENACITY; Long Course Selling Handicap, COMATLAST. On Friday the best things are WORMLEIGHTON* for the Queensberry Handicap; BY JINGO for the Criterion Nursery; KHEDIVE III. for the Durham Stakes, and EARL ROGNVALD for the Selling Nursery.

The SPECIAL, dealing fully with the meeting, is now on sale. It will not be published again until Windsor. Dec. 1st heralds the opening of the winter season. For jumping, as last year, the SPECIAL will prove particularly informing. Orders should be placed early with Messrs. Odhams Limited, 93, Long Acre. W.C. (6d.)

LONG years ago strange old bluff-bowed sailing ships crept into the harbours of England laden with the golden treasures of America.

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TURF VIRGINIA are 20 for a shilling, and all good tobacconists sell them. TURF VIRGINIA are big and handsome and the *finest Virginia* cigarettes obtainable.

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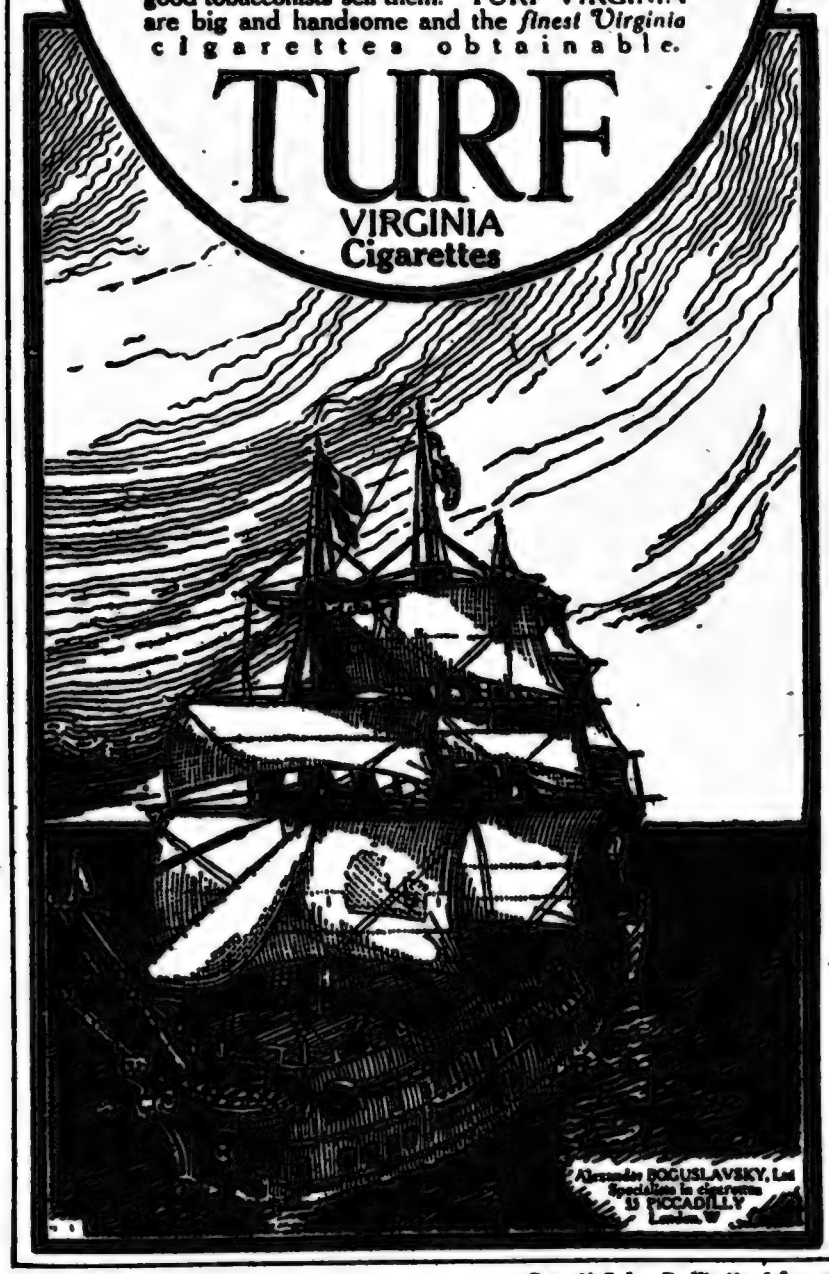

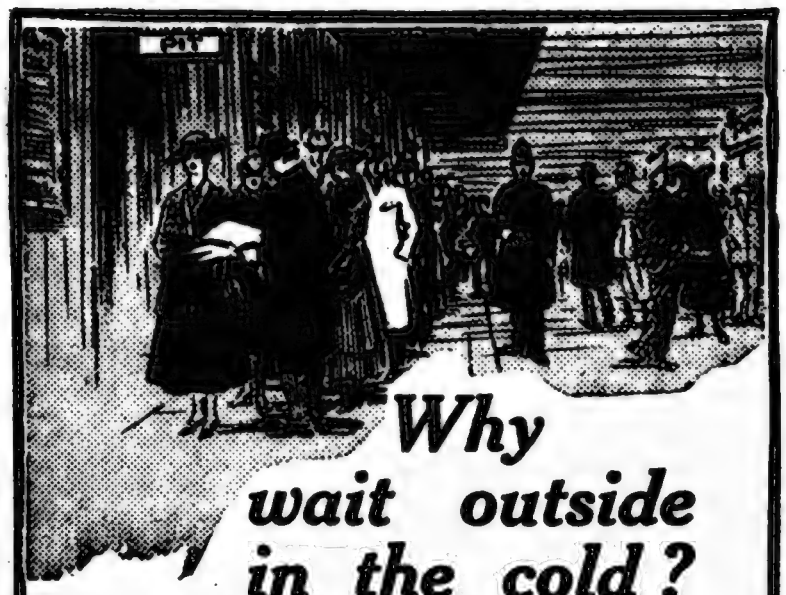

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

"Tales of a Toffee Tin." *No. 3 L'Entente de quatre.*

This is the tin that arrived at Salonica,

and the bond between the four was the possession of a sweet tooth each.

Munching Mackintosh's, allies are on common ground; just as when fighting Germans. Fighters in a good cause, and most other people with an ounce of appreciation of the simple little great things, like to fill in odd moments by eating the homely sweetmeat that comes from Halifax—and have a common enjoyment of its buttery, sugary, creamy flavour.

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2/B

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Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name-Paton's ESS

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page

THOSE CINEMA CENSORS.

BY IRENE MILLER.

There is quite a deal of general enthusiasm over the fact that the proposed Government Board of Film Censors is to be graced by the presence of women members. Does this joy imply a hope that the strings of strict propriety will be drawn more tightly? I'm far from sure of it—you hopeful ones—and most heartily do I trust that you will be swiftly disillusioned. The heroic individuals who take on the task of presiding over our film-morals are rushing in where angels might fear to tread. The Cinema stands alone in the disadvantage of having to cater in one programme for minds still so immature that mush and milk stuff alone are safe digestive food, and for those who are justified in finding a meal insipid without at least a snack of strong meat and ruddy wine. How can such opposites eat from one dish and both alike be satisfied and gratified? Lucky Stage, with its pantomime for children and its grown-up dramas for grown-up audiences! Enviable novelist, who knows whether he is writing a book for children or his contemporaries! Miserable worker for the screen, how must he be spiked on the horns of a dilemma! I am rather nervous about this new Board of Censors. If they are too horribly prudish they will ruin the Picture Palace as a place of entertainment for people of average intellect. It is simply boring to watch a piece that professes realism, yet bears no semblance to real life; a play wherein the characters lack flesh and blood and sinew—are mere unreal puppets. The men and women who make picture plays are really rather intelligent people, if only they have a fair chance. If you are apt to think them a feeble, even stupid lot; if you complain—justly, I'll own—of the tameness and absurdity of so many Cinema films, give the Censor his share in the blame. Remember that the thought of him, and his ban, hangs like a sword of Damocles over the heads of author and producer all the time. I have had opportunities of seeing banned films; banned portions of films. I have even helped repair the wounds the Censor's blue pencil has inflicted. How it tries one's patience! I have seen absolutely essential, and really not offensive, portions of plot deleted from the heart of the story. The Censor just now—in response to a certain public outcry—is terribly on the alert; as a result, authors and producers are instinctively getting more and more commonplace, more cautious, tame and "sloppy" in what they write and produce. It is only business common-sense on the part of the trade, but it is rough luck on the grown-up public. The moral tone of serious film-dramas is always conventionally correct. Public sympathy is enlisted for virtue; sins are always shown as tasting bitter in the mouth in the long run. I have never seen the path of vice depicted as a permanent primrose track. Our invariable text is, "Be good and you will be happy." Is it not a one-sided logic to claim that crimes, etc., shown in film-plays inspire to evil conduct, yet scoff at the contention that the noble specimens of humanity we photo-playwrights give you as heroes and heroines set a high ideal of character before young and susceptible minds? What a happy world it would be if we were only half as good, on the whole, as the "star" characters in cinema-plays—how brave they are; how self-sacrificing, how loyal under persecution; how unselfish and extraordinarily affectionate in home-life; how strong in the face of temptation, or how whole-hearted their remorse and reparation should they at any time succumb to evil! What the Censor is so terribly timorous over is anything to do with sex. Still, it is the one subject that concerns and interests us universally, is it not? There is surely no need to speak of those who appreciate seeing a strong and passionate love-story as depraved and evil-minded creatures. I hope to goodness they get some level-headed women of the world on this coming Board of Censors, and not ladies of the type that we, perhaps unjustly, associate with the name of Mrs. Chant. Otherwise the pictures will become "stale," flat and "unprofitable" (no scathing remarks about that last word, please!) if watered down into mere feeble, childish, "pretty-pretty" outpourings—AND COMICS!

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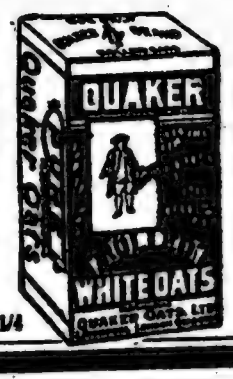

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR HENRY LUNN.

Arfternoon, sir. . . *Shampoo?* Yes-sir. Wet or dry? *Wet?* VERY *wet*? Well, sir, I don't exackly see 'ow I can give you a shampoo wetter then jest wet. Wet is wet, an'—Oh, I see, sir, you mean plenty o' cold water. Wot we calls "a cooler," sir. Very agreeable an' bracin' arfter a thick night, sir, or enny other upset wot makes the 'ead 'ot. Sudden surprises gives some people a 'ot 'ead also, sir. In w'ich case I reckon there's *one* gen'l'm'n in England sufferin' from a 'ot 'ead this arfternoon. . . . *'Oo?* Well, I was thinkin' of Sir 'Enery Lunn, sir, wot I see by the papers the other day was before Justice Darlin'. 'E made a proper ass of 'isself, didn't 'e, sir? Sir 'Enery, I mean, not Mr. Justice Darlin,' who never makes a ass of 'isself. P'raps you'll tell me w'en it's 'ot enough, sir . . . Wot's that, sir—*'ow did 'e make a ass of 'issef?* W'y, did'n 'e take action fur libel agin the *Morning Post* fur 'avin' commented upon 'is (Sir 'Enery's) presence out in Switzerland? After Justice Darlin' summed up, sir, the jury give 'im a farthin' damages. For this measly result 'e 'ad only himself to blame, as I think everyone agrees. . . . . *Sir Enery ain't a pro-German?* 'Oo sed 'e wos? 'E wos on'y a blind idget to let Prince 'Enery o' Prussia take 'im in with 'is sorft sawder about Germany's love fur England. I dessay the Germans *did* love England. We kin see in wot way, now, although there's many wot knew wot was Germany's nice, kind, friendly feelin's towards England long before the wore. Germany's love fur England was suthink like a cat's love fur a mouse. Justice Darlin' called it "eye-wash," an' Sir 'Enery was took in by it. In the face of realisin' that now, Sir 'Enery was askin' for it in taking action against papers which criticised 'is views an' proceedin's regardin' Germany. I orlways thought Sir 'Enery was a pretty cute advertiser, but I've changed me opinion. If 'e 'ad 'ad 'is fair share of "common," as they calls it in the Army, 'e would 'ave layed low, instead of advertisin' the fact thet before the wore 'e was took in by Prince 'Enery's blarney. . . Is that enuff cold, sir? . . . Eh? *Torkin' at random*, am I? Well, I don't mind bettin', sir, thet *I* wouldn't 'ave bin gulled by enny ole German's ole buck, prince or no prince, before the wore or since . . . Yessir, I *am* the proprietor o' this erstablishm'nt . . . So you won't give me no tip! Very good, sir. But don't you think you might spare one o' them two farthin's? I'd 'ave it mounted! . . . . *Thet"s* touched 'im. I *thort* 'e was the gent isself.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

ARMY PAY DAY ANECDOTES.

1ST COMPANY QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT: I tell you, my dear fellow, I should be bored to death if it were not for some of the amusing incidents which occur on almost every pay day. There's a private in my company with an extraordinary talent for reciting. He's a Scot, and must know practically the whole of Burns' poems by heart. Unfortunately for himself, and like the Scottish poet, he has a great fondness for the wine of his country, and over indulgence in it leads him into periodical scrapes. A month rarely passes without his getting "cells." Frequently, instead of "cells" he is merely fined for drunkenness, and his pay is occasionally very greatly reduced in consequence. Not long ago, after one of his periodical "bursts," it was found on pay day that he had even less money than usual due to him. Incidentally, he was booked that night to entertain the Officers' Mess with a recital. On his name being called he advanced to the pay table, and was handed—one penny. He took the coin with the best grace he could muster, but his second salute lacked something in smartness. The officer asked him what he intended to recite that evening. Opening his fist and looking ruefully at the solitary coin in his palm, he replied, "'Man was made to mourn,' sir." His wit was rewarded with a shilling and a hearty laugh from the officer.

2ND C.Q-M.S.: The beggar deserved it. I heard of an amusing incident in my own company the other day. One of the rankers is a fellow with some private means and a decent education. He was doing some fatigue or other when one of our officers, a thundering good chap, engaged him in conversation. After talking for some minutes the man had the cheek to break off the conversation by saying, "Well, sir, I think I had better do a little more work, so as to earn my sixpence a day." The officer smiled, and, knowing something of the chap's social position, said: "Ah, B——, how your hand must tremble when you take your Army pay." "Not enough to prevent my saluting, sir," was the retort.

1ST C.Q.-M.S.: H'm! There's a queer assortment in the ranks nowadays. What? Some of the privates could buy up their Battalion Quarter-Master!

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for October 28th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 726,462 and A100,124. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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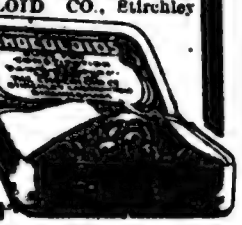

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When you spend your days in dug-outs, doin' 'olesale trade in shells."
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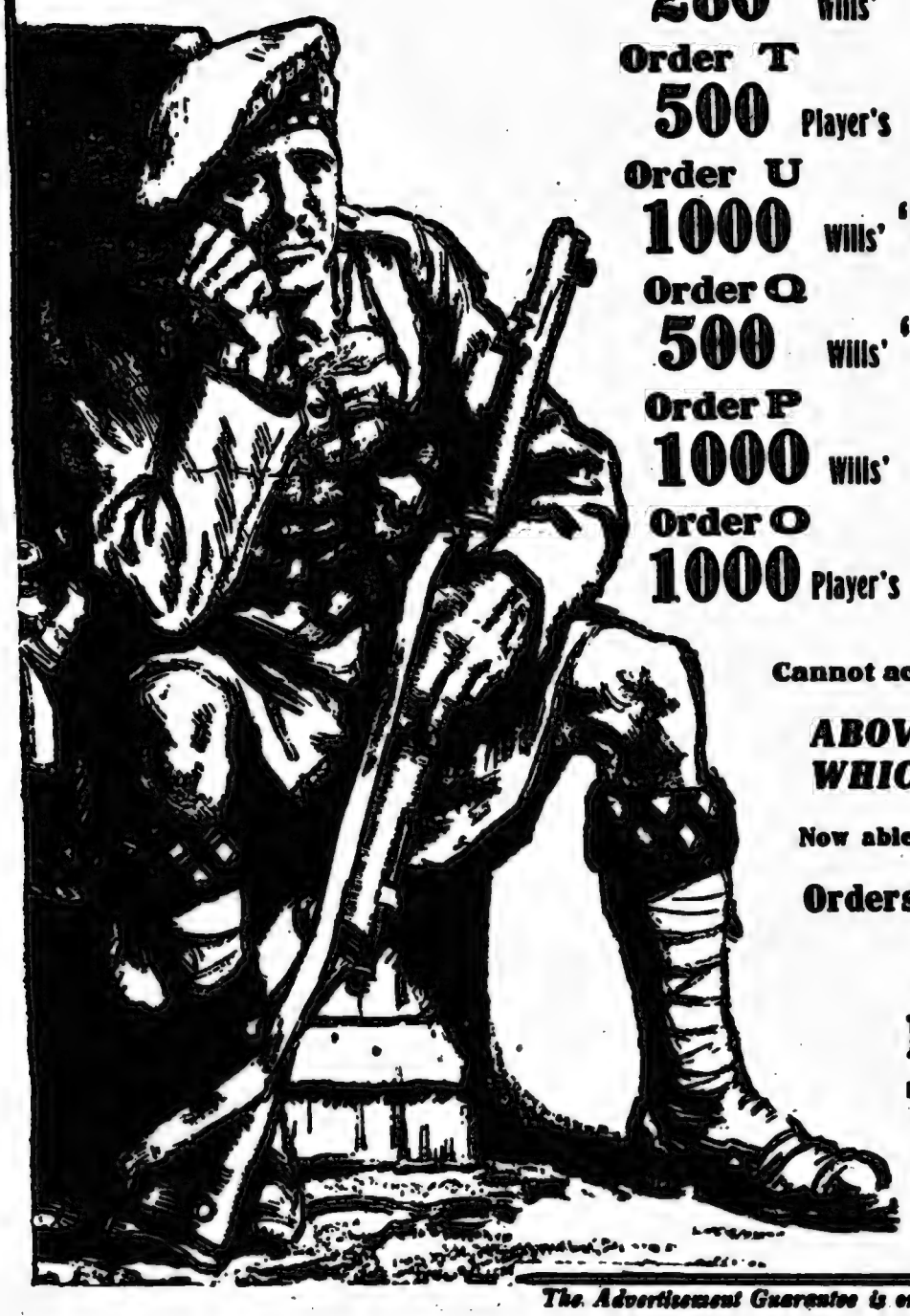

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Cheeseparing at Whitehall.

An order has been issued from Whitehall directing that when civilian clerks in the sub-recruiting depots in the London district take over 25 minutes for their mid-day meal, they will suffer a loss of one hour overtime pay. Poor devils! They are already underpaid.

Wanted, a Trade Union.

Unfortunately, Trades Unions are not recognised in the Army. The men of the Labour Companies in France complain to us that they are paid only one shilling a day for unloading ships, whereas the Belgian labourers are placed on piece work and earn an average of 20 francs—17s.—a day. It does not seem fair, but we cannot help it.

Salvation Army Beaten.

Puzzled householders who are compelled to billet soldiers sends us many questions as to how much they are entitled to. They are mostly of the class that are not called upon to furnish meals, and for this accommodation, provided no cooking facilities are required, the rate is: lodging, with bed and attendance for each soldier per night, 6d. for one soldier, 4d. for each additional man. No doubt our readers will now see why so many landladies are floating around with furs and offensively expensive jewellery.

A Good Samaritan.

The other day a train stopped at Newton Station at 9.30 p.m.; in some locked carriages were soldiers on their way to Plymouth to sail for Salonica. They left Gillingham at noon, with nothing to eat or drink. A good Samaritan obtained a load of coppers and purchased all the chocolates in the slot machines, which he presented to the poor chaps. If those British Tommies had been German prisoners, they would have been pampered and petted and filled up to the back teeth with the best of food and drink at British Government expense—but they were only the soldiers of our Empire!

"Perfect Hell."

Some months ago we criticised the arrangements at Pennington Camp, and we are glad to know that improvements were consequently made. Last week, however, our post-bag was stuffed with letters from the boys stationed there, and our Military Commissioner went down once more. We presume there is a General in charge of the district, and would advise him to make an inspection and satisfy himself as to whether he would locate his favourite hound in some of the leaky, slimy places where our soldiers have to live—sneezing and coughing and crawling about in the grip of heavy colds or influenza. If the General in Command does not act, somebody in higher authority ought to.

The Black Hole of Montrose.

If there is an Officer in Command at Montrose, will he have a look at the Black Hole, or the guard-room in which prisoners are confined? He will find that it is a dungeon in which there are no windows, light and air coming through a kind of rifle loophole. He will also discover that there is a gas jet, which must not be lighted as it would consume the oxygen that is supposed to keep the men alive. In God's name, will he remember that the fellows incarcerated there are British soldiers, who have come up to kick the Huns, and that though they may have committed slight indiscretions it is not right that they should be treated like the unfortunates in the Black Hole of Calcutta?

The Hun and Tommy.

We receive complaints from Panshanger Park and other enemy internment camps that our guards are being treated like pigs, while the Huns are pampered and given a special diet. From Alexandra Palace comes tidings that the tread of our sentries' feet disturbs our "guests"—so some miles of matting have been ordered for the comfort of the baby-killers. Of course nothing can be done now to alter this state of affairs; but when the war is over there will be a new heaven, a new earth, and a new United Kingdom—which, we hope, will be run by the men who are now fighting, strictly according to their own ideas.

Bangalore and Boodle.

We are beginning to take a keen interest in Bangalore. Some time ago shirts and white shorts were sent for the free use of a battalion by the friendly public—and were sold to the men at a stiff price. Then the contractor to the regiment sold goods at a rate about 25 per cent. higher than that for the same things in open market. A man had the temerity to complain of this, and there was a pow-wow—as a result of which the Contractor lowered his prices, having failed to induce the shopkeepers in the Bazaar to raise their figures in order to make him out an honest man. We wish the Indian Government would see to it that our men serving in the Pearl of the East get honest treatment.

Poor Dead Soldier!

We dislike commenting upon the treatment of the remains of our soldiers when they have given up their lives in their endeavour to serve King and Empire, but sometimes feel obliged to do so. The other day a Royal Artilleryman reported sick and was ordered to hospital. He had an abscess on the brain, but was handed over by the Colonel in Command to have a tooth extracted. Before this the man was threatened with arrest for malingering. The poor chap refused to allow the tooth to be removed, and was sent back to his hut—from which he was again taken to the hospital, with a temperature of 105. He died, and a military funeral was arranged for; but when the body was brought to the cemetery there was no parson and no grave had been dug—wherefore permission was obtained at the Town Hall to leave the remains in the church over night. This the treatment of a gallant Englishman who lays down his life for his country!

A Word for Joe.

Ex-Marines who re-enlisted in the Army after having served twelve years are granted a bounty of £20; their comrades who re-enlisted in the Royal Marines are given nothing. Why?

Jack's Leave.

We are fully alive to the splendid work done by the Navy, and to the necessity for keeping every ship in commission all the time, but we suggest that some scheme should be evolved by which the vessels of the different districts should be brought to their ports, once in a while, to give their crews short leave. Many of our vessels have been pegging away at it since the war began, and the men have never seen home in the meantime.

One for Mr. Balfour.

The Rt. Hon. "A. J." is not only a philosopher, but a stickler for justice, and we appeal to him to raise the pay of the lower-deck man, who can scarcely make ends meet on his money at the present time. He should do this even though he made the increase only a temporary one. We also suggest that the Admiralty should supply the men of the R.N.V.R. with overcoats free. It is mean to ask the men to supply themselves with the necessary garment at their own expense.

The Marines' Tobacco.

We have commented upon the fact that our Marines in the Orkneys are not receiving their free issue of tobacco, and now find that their comrades in Cromarty have also had their weed cut off. These men are certainly serving ashore, but they are borne on ships' books and are entitled to all the privileges granted to men afloat. We commend the matter to the notice of the Lords of the Admiralty, and particularly to Mr. Balfour. He takes a big interest in the welfare of the men of the Navy—who deserve it.

For Mrs. Tommy and Mrs. Jack.

This year Christmas Day falls on a Monday, which is the day when the dependents of our soldiers and sailors receive their money at the Post Offices. On their behalf we suggest that they should be paid on Saturday, otherwise many of them will go without their Christmas dinners, and will not receive the nation's bounty until Wednesday. It is needless to dilate upon the hardship which will thus be inflicted upon them.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. O. C. Richards, 4852, D Coy., Gloucesters; Pte. James Booth, 27354, B Coy., Royal Inniskilling Fusrs.; 2nd Lieut. D. R. Leatherdale, R. W. Kents; Pte. C. Warren, 6-776, No. 4 Platoon, A Coy., Q. R. W. Surreys; Pte. G. W. Hirst, 7959, B Coy., West Yorkshires; Pte. A. Bollond, 14098, B Coy., R. I. R.; Pte. L. Grove, 22034, C Coy., R. W. F.; Pte. — Kent, 11760, A Coy., R. W. Kents; Pte. J. Whitehouse, 2653, B Coy., Sherwood Foresters; Pte. E. Sandiforth, 13730, C Coy., M.G.S., K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. Geo. Wood, 6310, East Surreys; Sergt. D. D. Houston, 14551, C Coy., H.L.I.; Pte. T. Price, 31469, C Coy., Welsh Regt.; L.-Cpl. J. Littler, 21217, Lancs. Fusrs.; Sergt. J. Dooley, C Coy., K.O.S.B.; Pte. F. McNeill, 14045, B Coy., Sth. Lancs Regt.; Pte. J. Cooper, 16959, D Coy., Worcestershire Regt.; Pte. S. B. Clarke, 2846, C Coy., R. F.; Pte. — Grimes, 1529, C Coy., Northd. Fusrs.; Pte. R. Mitchell, 1001, 9th Infantry, 3rd Bde., 1st Australian Contingent; Pte. J. R. Collingham, 27136, R. F.; Pte. J. A. Weeks, 9335, B Coy., R. F.; Lieut. Karl Bemrose, Sherwood Foresters; Pte. A. Webb, 24140, A Coy., Essex Regt.; Pte. G. E. Pawson, 28053, A Coy., 3 Platoon, West Yorks Regt.; L.-Cpl. J. R. Johnson, 19378, 16th Platoon, D Coy., Royal Innis. Fus.; Pte. Arthur Turner, 17959, 10th Platoon, 3rd Coy., King's L'pool Regt.; Rfm. J. Naven, 8557, Bat. Scouts, Rifle Brigade; Pte. G. Scarrold, 20617, B Coy., 8th Platoon, Royal Fusiliers; Sgt. C. R. White, 735, 16th Platoon, D Coy., Royal Warwicks Regt.; Pte. W. Ingram, 16th Platoon, D Coy., Royal Warwicks; Rfm. R. Tween, 3826, D Coy., K.R.R.; Pte. R. Baguly, 16483, B Coy., Manchester Regt.; Pte. A. Whitlock, 10931, A Coy., Leicester Regt.; Pte. J. M. Nicholas, 18896, A Coy., Leicester Regt.; Pte. F. J. Wright, 2158, Devon Regt.; Pte. A. Dean, 16212, C Coy., R. W. K.; R. W. Dullam, 1731, 6th Platoon, B Coy., Queen Victoria Rifles; Pte. J. McLaughlan, 15823, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. Frank Morris, 17424, 1st Platoon, 1st Coy., King's L'pool Regt.; Pte. A. Ridding, 1890, Signaller, R. Warwick Regt.; Pte. B. J. Hearn, 27844, D Coy., Royal Fus.; Pte. R. T. Holden, 9518, D Coy., Seaforth Hdrs.; Pte. T. J. Griffiths, 16516, A Coy., Welsh Regt.; Rfm. H. Shaw, 12980, A Coy., 4th Platoon, K.R.R.

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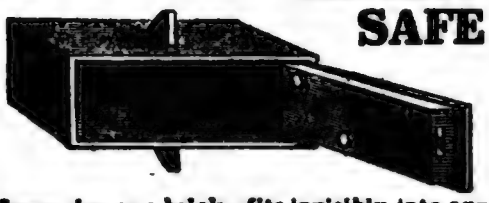

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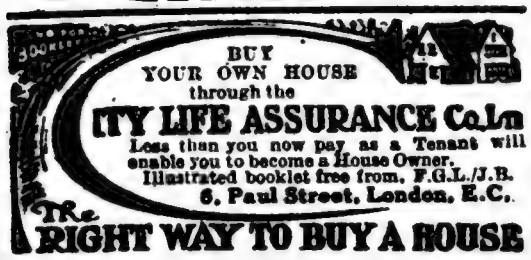
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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier, after many months of hard fighting in Flanders, was discharged medically unfit. He found himself stranded in London, not being entitled even to the very small recompense our Government gives to its discarded heroes. Luckily this man managed to find work, but lacked suitable clothes—and these he obtained through us.

The widow of a sailor found herself left with two little children. Although he had served for 20 years in the Navy, she is not entitled to a pension. In his anxiety to gain promotion the poor fellow over-studied, causing the brain trouble from which he succumbed. It is always a pleasure to us to help those whom Jack leaves behind him.

A man was discharged suffering from consumption. As this was brought about by home service, he was refused compensation from the authorities at Chelsea, and we were therefore glad to assist.

The widowed mother of a sailor, who lost his life on the *Hawke*, found herself in dire need, as her son was her sole support. Lately she has had the additional misfortune to lose a daughter who, a little later on, might have been able to assist her. We at once helped.

A discharged soldier found on leaving hospital that he had the additional burden of a little stranger to provide for. The poor fellow had been in France for twenty months, and was invalided out suffering from shell-shock. The Chelsea Commissioners have not yet fixed his pension, so we have lightened his load for a little while.

The widow of one of our heroes who lost his life at the front found herself in difficulties owing to the death of her little girl. The pension granted to widows does not allow them to put by for a rainy day, and we accordingly came to the rescue.

We received a letter from a soldier now in France appealing on behalf of his little son, who was badly ruptured, and needed a truss, which his mother found herself quite unable to provide out of the Government allowance. We helped the youngster.

A soldier, rendered blind at Ypres, found himself in want owing to his pension paper having been filled up and time being lost in its replacement by a new one. We gave a hand to tide him over until the new paper comes along.

Another soldier's pension money was hung up. The poor fellow has a wife and five small children to provide for, and his mental distress can be better imagined than described. We alleviated it by practical assistance.

The police are sharing our experiences of bogus heroes and fraudulent applicants for help, with the result that they have issued warnings upon the subject. It is but natural that amongst the millions of men now serving there should be, here and there, a black sheep, and we personally regret to note an increase in the number of "bilks" who ask us for help, but not standing the test, do not obtain it. A favourite new trick is to come to our office pleading a dead or dying wife or child. Naturally in every genuine case we come to the rescue at once; but, unfortunately we find in some instances that the applicants were never married, have no dead or dying relative, and are merely khaki-clothed frauds who "chance their arm" to get something out of our fund.

The Minister of Pensions has not come a moment too soon. The Central Pensions Issue Office at Baker Street is in a state of lamentable chaos, which results in pensioners being left without their money for weeks and even months. Many of them are driven to seek our help, which is always given in genuine cases. We are glad to know that General Carter has been appointed to look into affairs, and we can promise our pensioners that all will be made right for them within a short time.

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WON'T *You* HELP?

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ONE PENNY

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.* FINANCIAL *and* INSURANCE *inquiries should be addressed to the Editor,* CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., *and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.*

"THE NATIONAL MISSION."—We have to thank many correspondents for newspaper cuttings, circulars, etc., in regard to this subject, but for the present, at any rate, we have had our say.

"EYE-WITNESS" (Streatham).—We certainly think the trains and trams guided the Zepps. As you say, "If I were to put a lighted candle in my scullery window and not pull down the blinds, I should be severely dealt with."

J. H. (Mansfield).—Dr. Turnbull put up a good, fair fight. The Coalition machine just beat him.

W. E. L. (S. Francisco).—All Hearst's papers are unscrupulously pro-Germhun. He has always been violently anti-British.

"A RESIDENT" (Cleethorpes).—Your soul is joyed by that pretty, shining airship of ours whenever you see it. *Is it any good?*

"WOUNDED AUSTRALIAN."—Having fought on the Somme and been wounded, you are able to tell us how widely we are read and appreciated "both in billets and in the front line." Accept our thanks for your kindly words, and best wishes for a speedy recovery.

"THREE SHOP GIRLS" (Paignton).—Don't listen to idle gossip by customers and others. Keep smiling, and your gallant sweethearts, fighting since the first, will leave their arms and come back to yours all in good time.

H. O. S. (London, W.).—Poem on King Tino commences:—"Although the danger is immense, I really think it comm n sense For me to sit upon the fence." But how about "When Greek meets Greek"?

SADDLER H. T. (R.H.A.).—"Inform you whether England is a conscript country or not?" *At present*, certainly yes.

"JACK" (H.M.S. *Columbine*).—Who *is* the other Horatio? Oh! now we see your point. Good luck to all the boys.

"A LOWLY COTTAGER" (Newcastle).—Very sensible is your letter on the declining birth rate. It is strange that all the advice and leaflets should be given to working men's wives by well-to-do women who are the real shirkers.

"BRONZE STAR MAN" (Studley) says: "If my old chief, Lord Roberts, did use the words, 'The nation on its knees,' he meant them in a military sense—firing on the knees, in skirmishing or trench work, for steady aim and nerve."

"A SOLDIER TRAINING."—"Going past an iron foundry I saw a lot of single fellows that worked there before I joined the Army; they passed remarks and said what a fool I was." Hope the comb will catch skulkers who sneer at a good man.

"OLD TED" (Lewisham).—"Why have I been doing Special's duty since the outbreak of war for nixes, while some Members of Parliament betray their country and get £400 a year? I begin to despair." Cheer up!—all's well that ends well.

"CONSTANT" (Streatham).—The stories are many and varied. No doubt the authorities know why the guns did not fire and the searchlights did not work.

D. C. M.—Other readers have also suggested firing the German trenches with oil supplied by pipe lines. No doubt the War Office has weighed it up.

MRS. P. C. W. (Leyton).—The flashes are from electric tramways and trains. In a certain state of the atmosphere they are very vivid.

"JESSIE" (Brixton).—As Bradford is extremely fond of harbouring all breeds of Germhun, we are not surprised to hear that the local Council have decided that "naturalised Germans may be allowed to join training corps."

P. W. (Hull).—We suppose it would be said that, bad as the Government is, it is better than no Government at all!

"ENGLISH GIRLS" (City).—"Do we think it right that German girls living in this country should marry our English boys in war time?" Not in war time—nor any other time.

MRS. A. L. (Anfield).—An alien enemy cannot legally change his name. To do so a German-born subject must be a naturalised Briton.

A. W. (London, E.C.).—Assertion is not evidence. What proof have you that the American firm are "Germhun to their finger-tips" and that "their show-cards and printed matter exhibited here are still produced in Germhuny"?

A. W. (Anfield).—In law, the Government has power to commandeer any patent it pleases. In practice, it makes a grant to the inventor.

T. D. O. (North Curry).—Scarcely possible to rebuild Belgium under martial law, while, to get the best help, all must be welcome—bar Germhuns.

"CONSTANT READER."—Equality of service is in a bad way when you, with four sons in the Army and another joining, sit in an office with two bachelors, drawing £600 a year between them, who have done nothing for the country. At present your only consolation is your pride in your boys. There you score over the celibates.

W. H. W. (Leytonstone).—We have stuck up for the retail butcher, because the high prices are not his fault. The blame rests on the big Trusts and Rings.

J. G. (Glasgow).—Six Britons, returning from the Gold Coast, paid 2nd class fare, but were compelled to travel 3rd, on the plea of no room. Yet six German prisoners travelled in two 2nd class cabins, and dined in the saloon. Someone ought to hang.

J. B. (Ratcliff, E.).—To show a light when Zepps are around is to hold a candle to the Devil. Why not communicate with the police?

T. A. M. (Middlesbrough).—If the British blockade had been made thoroughly effective from the first, we should now be at peace.

A. S. F. (Chiswick).—Wounded Australian in Melbourne borrowed JOHN BULL, "because it was greatly sought after in the trenches, as the Editor understood things." We bow towards the Antipodes.

"IMPERIAL BRITON" (Clydebank).—Quite right. War to the finger-nails, if that is necessary for us to win our peace.

A. E. T. (Brooklands).—Where are your wits when you write all that rubbish about spirits and "Profs. Knowles and Orton"? You "are 43, and more of a Real Child than ever I was in my life and I write to you as a Good Father who will not turn me away." A good father would turn you round and spank you.

R. L. M. (Dunstable).—It is certainly possible to win two "Bullets" prizes from one coupon. Many competitors have already done so.

MRS. E. A. G. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) assures us that a report of the charge against a tramp of being in possession of money when endeavouring to enter the casual ward appeared in the *Monmouthshire Beacon*, as well as the Scottish journal to which we referred, it too stating that the man had hidden in his month 56 shillings, 7 sixpences, 2 threepenny bits, 4 ha'pennies, and a farthing. So it *must* be true!

MRS. ELLIOTT (late of Conduit Place, Paddington, W.).—We should be glad if you would communicate with us.

S. W. H. (Swansea).—Have frequently warned our readers against these snowball begging letters for motor ambulances. However honest, they are always wasteful.

MRS. ASHWORTH (6, Arnold Grove, Wavertree, Liverpool) would be grateful for news of her father, an old soldier, aged 76, who, on September 9th last—owing, probably, to shock at receiving news of the death in action of Mrs. Ashworth's husband—left a relative's house at Bolton and has not since returned. He is 5 ft. 8 in., has a grey beard, and was wearing a bowler hat and dark overcoat. It is feared that he has lost his memory.

C. C. (Stratford).—Our reputation is behind the JOHN BULL pen.

D. (Jedburgh).—"How do clergymen escape a tax on their excess war profits? For instance, one with a chaplaincy at £400 and parish emoluments £500?" If they are mean enough to dodge the war tax, send particulars to the Income Tax Office.

"SNOBBLES" (Southsea).—Gas chimney stamped, "Adamant. Made in Austria," just bought from well-known firm, was probably old stock. But, as you observe, why charge war price for pre-war stock?

"NAME OF NO IMPORTANCE" (London).—Judging by your Teutonic caligraphy, we can guess one reason why you omit your name.

"KIA ORA" (Hospital, Birmingham). — Milton Post Cards, Woolstone Bros., London, E.C., are among the taboo things "Printed at our works in Germany." A speedy convalescence to you!

"A MOTHER OF FIVE SONS SERVING."—"Put women in every district to comb out." We guess they would do the job thoroughly.

"ANONYMOUS."—"A costume buyer, aged 83, from Kensington—off to France, not in khaki, but to buy Paris models." A bad model.

E. S. (Swanage).—Its manager being called up, your only picture palace is to be closed, and Swanage will be Cinemaless. Imagination boggles at the plight of people bereft of Mary Pickford and choused of Chaplin.

C. E. R. L. (Farnham Royal).—To close the argument, the split infinitive is to some people a habit and to others a preference.

A. B. (Bucks).—It was a farce to offer a signalman of long service local train passes to Yarmouth, which would have kept you travelling about 48 hours. No wonder you preferred to pay.

W. L. E. (Blackpool).—It is not uncommon at church and chapel teas for people to "pay for eating their own foodstuffs." Probably it is an outward and visible sign of inward spiritual grace.

R. F. (Rossall).—A variation of the old photo-frame trick. The only protection is to have nothing to do with the "enlargement" canvassers.

GEO. W. (Birkenhead).—Tender Mrs. Hale, 290, Brook Street, Birkenhead, our congratulations on her having four sons and two sons-in-law serving in his Majesty's forces.

"CYRIL" (Kentish Town).—You must be a new reader of JOHN BULL. On no account have any dealings with W. R. Lloyd's "Bargain Watch Co.," 89, Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway.

"CONSTANT READER" (Catsash). — Your young brother and two other sailor boys were travelling at night by rail and fell asleep. They were robbed of all their money by two passengers. "What do the ones who did it deserve?" Boiling, to start with.

"DISGUSTED" (Manchester). — "Justice should prevent, and not invent, crime." Every policeman should have this motto inscribed on his cerebellum.

T. A. (Tredegar).—The policeman you name deserves several stripes—elsewhere than on his sleeve.

"A SHIELD'S LAD."—Hoping I am not wasting too much of your time." Not a moment more than we choose, old son. That's where we score.

J. V. L. (Acton).—Your proposal to introduce the surgeon's knife as one of the elements in the settlement of the Germans, is duly noted. We will pass it on to Dr. Turnbull.

P. AND P. (St. Austell).—We give up your conundrum—What can you do with a man who is informed by the National Health Insurance Commission that he "attained the age of 70 years on March 3rd, 1846?" We quite agree with the Commissioners that in respect of such a person no further contributions should be payable.

CLIFFORD MAY (Birmingham).—Just as we are going to press we learn that this man, whom we have frequently criticised, has been charged at the Birmingham Police Court with obtaining money by false pretences and remanded on bail until November 7th. The various readers who have complained to us regarding him should write immediately to Mr. J. Ernest Hill, Public Prosecutor, Birmingham, who is conducting the prosecution.

MR. R. J. PARR (Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) asks us to state that he has duly received a postal order for 2s. 6d. sent through the Society for the benefit of a little girl named Lily Derry, who had been so ill-treated that she threatened to commit suicide. The donor asked that the amount should be acknowledged in these columns.

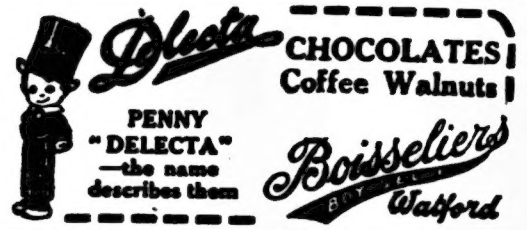
"LONDON BRIDGE" (S.E.).—We can only say that from our reading, and what women readers have told us, we are not impressed with the claims of Frederica Hudson, Ltd., 9, Old Cavendish Street, W., to be able to remove superfluous hair.

"OBSERVER" (Clapham), an official visitor to a Red Cross hospital, agrees that "certain professional nurses in the hospitals are displaying harshness to their non-professional co-workers."

S. B. (Lowestoft).—Germany will not invade us with undersea boats like the "Deutschland." She finds many of such boats go under sea—and stay there.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT
Zam-Buk
ZAM-BUK'S unequal success in healing wounds and sores, and curing obstinate diseases like eczema, ringworm, ulcers, piles, etc., is due to its unique herbal origin. Zam-Buk is a complete 'break-away' from old-fashioned and out-of-date methods of treating the skin. It bears no resemblance at all to fatty ointments and salves. Zam-Buk is
THE PERFECT HEALER
Nothing else can perform the same marvellous healing or dispel disease from the tissues as Zam-Buk does. Zam-Buk soothes pain and itching, stops festering and blood-poison, cleanses the tissues of disease, and then grows new healthy skin in a wonderful way.
Of all Chemists
CUTS & BRUISES
KEEP IT HANDY.



WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

HERBERT TAYLOR, 5, Standford Avenue, New Brighton. October 7th. 699,308.

H. HOWELL, 8, Howard Terrace, Cardiff. October 7th. 558,465.

D. J. SMITH, 42, Richmond Street, Aberdeen. October 7th. 114,438.

H. E. SCOTT, 76, Natal Road, Streatham. October 14th. 761,352.

R. P. OVERSLEY, 1, Tabley Street, Micklehurst, Mossley, near Manchester. October 14th. 962,581.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 28th:—

026,651	277,412	581,108	879,770	A148,343
035,866	294,185	639,769	898,426	A199,777
076,309	329,958	647,389	939,111	A257,168
082,147	366,575	672,886	951,652	A281,414
097,701	370,403	714,529	993,209	A338,232
134,083	428,383	735,891	A012,746	A372,760
169,138	453,632	766,297	A036,165	A415,008
200,643	482,396	783,666	A068,943	A456,337
246,738	497,886	825,364	A092,867	A488,542
261,003	503,210	840,204	A120,129	A530,650

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 8th).

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes and
200 ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
These Turkeys will be of the best quality and
WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH.
Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be dispatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

1000 TURKEYS

2nd Prize £25 — **FIRST PRIZE £250** — **£10 3rd Prize**

Over 5,000 Prizes — *Value £1,250!*

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	AND 2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2.10/

200 Specially selected Turkeys to be Won this week!

Closing Date, Thursday, November 9th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(212) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 212, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 9th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(212) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 213.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **213** in the top-left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 213**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 213.

THE BEST MAN	DIRTY WORK	SHOCKS STIGGINS	A PAYING GAME
TINO'S MISSUS	WHEN AT HOME	GOOD FOR NOTHING	WHEN MILKMAN CALLS
MAKES SERGEANT SWEAR	WORRIES FATHER	DOUBTFUL STARTER	GENERAL MANAGER
GETTING LIVELY	LADY FARMER	TAKING THINGS EASY	A BAD EGG
A COSTLY TREAT	A PRETTY MAID	OFF COLOUR	PLEASES THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 212.

TOMMY EXPECTS
A HIGH FLIER
COUNTER ATTACK
GETTING HOME EARLY
LOOKING FORWARD
BISHOP OF LONDON
KEPT SECRET
A POSITIVE NUISANCE
LUCKY DOG
CHANGING HER MIND
FIRST ENGAGEMENT
MAKES HUNS HOWL
EATING LESS
RECEIVED WITH THANKS
FATHER'S FAVOURITE
A BAD MISS
BULLY BEEF
COMING IN LATE
DROP TOO MUCH
WINKED AT
WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW
OUR DRILL-SERGEANT
LEFT BEHIND
SPECIAL INFORMATION
WHEN LEAST EXPECTED
IN LOW WATER
BUTCHER'S BOY
LICKS CREATION
EXPENSIVE HABIT
TRYING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
EXPENSIVE HABIT.
Bullet:—
FREQUENTLY PAYING FOR DRINKS

Example:—
EATING LESS.
Bullet:—
WHEN IN LOVE.

Example:—
BUTCHER'S BOY.
Bullet:—
CALLS LESS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated November 25th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated November 4th.

RESULT OF 209TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Miss C. J. NEWPORT,
c.o. Dame Dairies, Oxford.

Example:—MAKING HIS FORTUNE.
Bullet:—MILKMAN—WHILE "WE'RE ASLEEP."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mrs. B. HESLOP,
102, Philips Park Road,
Besswick, Manchester.

Example:—DEPRESSES THE KAISER.
Bullet:—"FAT" SHORT—"BLUBBER" PLENTIFUL.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. MATTHEW REID,
Railway Station, Enniskillen, Ireland.

Example:—IN IRELAND.
Bullet:—"REMEDIES" ONLY INCREASE "COMPLAINTS."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. E. J. FOLEY, 30, Roman Road, Colchester, Essex: OUR LOCAL TRIBUNAL—MANY TAKE "OBJECTION" TO.
Miss B. M. PHILLIPS, Clark's College, Newport Road, Cardiff: DEPRESSES THE KAISER—DOESN'T "TAKE MUCH" NOW.
Coy. Sergeant-major F. W. BROWNING, 168, North-lt Road, S. Harrow: WHAT ARMY WANTS—FEWER "DUG-OUTS" AT HOME.
Mr. F. W. HALL, 15, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.: IN IRELAND—BRAINS ARE OFTEN "CUDGELLED."
Mr. A. R. GROOME, Lincombe Villas, Harrop Road, Hale, Manchester: THE VILLAGE PUB—ONLY ENEMY STIGGINS FIGHTS
Miss MAUD WASSELL, Amblecote, Stourbridge: TRYING TO BE GOOD—BRIDEGROOM AVOIDING "LATE" PALS.
Mr. J. H. CHAPPELLE, Parkview, Lennoxtown, by Glasgow: WHAT ARMY WANTS—SOMEBODY "RESPONSIBLE" FOR CONTRACTS.
Miss R. A. DYE, Hanthorndale Villas, 75, Ingate Road, Beccles: WHAT ARMY WANTS—REINFORCEMENTS—"TO BE SURE."
Mr. JOHN MARTIN, 94, Tates Avenue, Belfast: IN IRELAND—HER RULERS SELDOM ARE.
Mr. G. FLEMING, Cliffdale Vale, Guernsey, C.I.: DEPRESSES THE KAISER—HIS "HARDLY USED" FLEET.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. E. BEDDARD, 88, Norfolk Road, Wolverhampton: DEPRESSES THE KAISER—REMEMBERING FRIENDS HE'S "HAD."
Mrs. MARY DEAN, 48, Bromley Road, Walthamstow, N.E.: HANDS UP—PAIR OF LIFE PRESERVERS.
Miss C. ANDERSON, 34, Fitzwarren St., Scedley, Manchester: GERMAN FEARS—EVERYTHING "BEYOND" THEM.
Mr. C. SUPPER, 12, Balfour Road, Acton, London, W.: LOOKING PLEASED—ONLY THE PRODIGY'S PARENTS.
JESSIE COPPING, 86, Leathwaite Road, Battersea Rise, London, S.W.: FAST AND FURIOUS—HOT NOVICE'S "HUNDRED UP."
Mr. F. T. SHUTE, 70, Carver St., Birmingham: A GOOD WIFE—CONSULTS HER "HEAD" FIRST.
Lce.-Cpl. W. H. PITCHER, 04788, A.O.C., Ripon: NOT IN KHAKI—THEN WHY BE "CIVIL"?
Mr. J. D. GLEIG, 20, Hutt Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne: WHAT ARMY WANTS—MORE "READY" FOR "SERVICE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. T. G. GODDARD, 17, Chapel Street, Stonehouse, Devon: EVERY LITTLE HELPS "CANAL FLEET" TRIES FISHING.
Mr. J. W. MCGLASHAN, 47, Shaftesbury Avenue, FALLING HOPES—GERMAN LOANS, "PAPER B

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 9

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(212) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 212, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 9th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(212) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURAN

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us w eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Nov. 4th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Nov. 4th, 1916

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....
.....

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